The Promise

Vera and
Howard Buchanan

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The promise

1. Sunset on the Nile.

THE PROMISE

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THE PROMISE

BY
VERA
AND
HOWARD
BUCHANAN

PRINTED FOR THE
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BY HOWARD BUCHANAN

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THESE LETTERS ARE DEDICATED WITH LOVE AND AFFECTION TO OUR MOTHERS WHO HAVE GIVEN OF THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS TO THE MISSION FIELDS OF EGYPT, INDIA, SUDAN, ABYSSINIA, AND GUATEMALA, BY VERA AND HOWARD BUCHANAN

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INTRODUCTION.

Both the author of this book and his wife are "children of the manse" of the United Presbyterian Church. From the Buchanan home there have gone out one missionary to India, one to Egypt, and one to Abyssinia. From the McLaughlin home there have gone out one to Central America and two to Egypt. No other comment need be made as to the intensely missionary atmosphere of the homes in which these young people were reared.

Dr. Buchanan received an excellent medical training with a year of special study before his course in tropical medicine in London. He made his decision very deliberately to undertake missionary service, but when he had committed himself to it, he and his wife carried no reservations into their service.

They sailed for Egypt in 1921, and after a course of language study in Cairo, had well begun their first term of service at Assiout Hospital, and were deeply interested in the work there when, in 1924, there came an urgent appeal from the Sudan for Egypt to lend a doctor to the South Sudan for a year. This doctor was to be located at Nasser, one of the most isolated and difficult of all stations in the United Presbyterian field. When this call came, with characteristic generosity the Buchanans volunteered to go to Nasser. The Mission sent them to the Sudan for the year which proved to be so eventful a year for the South Sudan and for them.

Nothing could be more thrilling than some of the dramas of life that are lived in mission fields, with their

interludes of comedy and their swift passages of tragedy. The author of this book has persistently declined to bring into it any account of the months his family spent in the Sudan. Perhaps those experiences are too intimately personal for him to write of them. One cannot help wishing, though, that some one might write the story of the sacrifice involved in the advance of the Church into this difficult and most needy field of the Sudan. At any rate, those reading this book should know why Dr. and Mrs. Buchanan are not now in their chosen field of labor in Egypt.

In the summer of 1924, they took up the duties of their new post at Nasser. They had been there only a few weeks when Dr. Buchanan was called to Doleib Hill, which was without a doctor, to attend a fellow missionary, Mr. Guthrie, who had become suddenly ill. Three hours after receiving the wireless message bringing this call, Mr. Gephardt, another missionary, and the doctor started with the launch on the twenty hours' trip to Doleib Hill. They found the patient very seriously ill. The doctor was aided in his untiring and heroic efforts by the government medical officer who happened to be in the vicinity on the government boat and generously did all in his power to help. Every missionary in the station served most strenuously in the effort to save this precious life. Dr. Buchanan himself, during the week that Mr. Guthrie lived, took the twenty hours' trip in the launch from Nasser to Doleib Hill, went on the boat with the government doctor and the patient from Doleib Hill to Malakal, returned to Doleib Hill, went again to Nasser, and returned with his family and a nurse in the launch, arriving only to find that his

patient, who had been left with the government doctor, had just died.

Mrs. Guthrie was expecting within a short time the arrival of another little one, and Dr. Buchanan, with his family, remained to care for her. After the arrival of the baby, all seemed well for a few days, when Mrs. Guthrie developed a very severe case of malaria. After a few days she followed her husband and was laid to rest beside him under the doleib palm trees on the banks of the Sobat River, where for sixteen years these devoted servants of Christ had wrought a service of love for the Shulla people.

It was just after the birth of the baby that Dr. Buchanan contracted a severe infection of the eyes. It is supposed that this happened while he was treating some one of the Shullas. He suffered excruciating pain and required constant nursing. Miss Huffman, the only nurse in the station, had contracted a serious infection of the finger, and was herself under the care of the doctor, so the nursing was done by Mrs. Buchanan. For a month they wrestled with the infection, receiving such aid as was possible from the Armenian doctor in the Government Hospital at Malakal. Failing to secure the desired results, Dr. Buchanan was hurried to Khartoum for medical help and from there to Egypt. When he arrived in Alexandria, it was found necessary to remove one of the eyes and every means was used to preserve the sight of the other. He came on to America with only a trace of vision in the remaining eye, and has been here under the best of surgical care. From the time of his arrival in America, he has faced the fact that he must never hope for more than the very slightest vision, even if he may hope for any.

You will say that here is unspeakable tragedy; a strong young doctor with the finest equipment possible, his life devoted unselfishly to the service of those in need, now suddenly smitten with blindness. Truly it is a tragedy, but just as truly these young people have met disaster with an uncomplaining patience and a dauntless courage that could be begotten only through the grace of God. They are making a brave effort so to readjust their lives that the doctor may yet find a place in his chosen profession which he loves. He has mastered the use of the typewriter without the help of sight; he is teaching his fingers and his ears to work in the diagnosis of certain diseases without the help of his eyes; his wife is his constant companion, gladly lending her eyes to him where this is possible; they have not ceased to hope that some day they may return to the land of their choice for service.

It is through such sacrifice as this that the Kingdom of God is being established beyond the sea. But these soldiers of the King will not permit you to speak of sacrifice. They keep talking of the privilege of service and of the hope of the day when there will be the *Fulfillment* in Egypt of "The Promise."

W. B. Anderson.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Lord shall be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord." Aakhunaten, heretic Pharaoh, broke with the polytheism of hi times, instituting the worship of Aten, the Sun Disk. In his monotheistic conception of One Universal God, the ancients Glimpsed the Promise of Isaiah. Copts, who suffered the diabolical persecutions of the mad Diocletian, experienced dissension and schism under the clemency of Constantine, and spiritual leadership gave place to a desire for political supremacy. This Oriental Christian Church, which should have, and which could have, given to Egypt the Open Bible, lost the spirit of Christ, thus Repudiating The Promise. Beginning with the seventh century, Saracen invasions have inundated the Valley of the Nile, supplanting the Cross by the Crescent. Islam makes of God, a mockery; of women, slaves; of believers, hopeless fatalists; and of heretics, victims of the sword. The Prophet of Arabia, through his plagiarized faith, has brought a curse instead of a blessing to every land which it has influenced throughout the past thirteen hundred years. Islam has Falsified The Promise.

Less than seventy-five years ago, three Americans started a work of modern missions in Egypt, which to-day represents an investment of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars. In coöperation with the American Mission, various agencies have contributed in building up an almost self-supporting, vitally spiritual, Protestant Evangelical Church. Thus today The Promise is being Realized. A challenge confronts this generation. Islam is in dissolution. Only the power of the Cross can keep Egypt from turning to materialism, agnosticism, and atheism. Have we the vision to invest as partners with God our wealth, our prayers, and our lives, in bringing about the Fulfillment of the Prophetical Promise, "The Lord shall be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord"?

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3. "The threshing is done by the trampling of oxen." Page 31.

THE AMERICAN MISSION, EZBEKIAH BUILDING,
CAIRO, EGYPT, January 10, 192–.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Two weeks ago my home letter was necessarily only a short note, telling of our safe arrival in Egypt. But I remember then that I promised you my next letter would be a good, newsy epistle, telling you of our leaving England, of our voyage, of our arrival in Egypt, and of our first impressions of things here.

The closing days of our three months' work in the London School of Tropical Medicine were busy ones. The course had been planned for Colonial Officials home on a six months' leave, who wished to spend only a part of that time in postgraduate study, and so they crowded almost a year's work into a few short months. The examinations consisted of a "practical" in laboratory work, a "written" over the various subjects, and an oral grilling by a committee of the professors, who seemed to have the uncanny faculty of finding out one's weak points. You remember I told you how amused we were to find that they had a recess in the afternoon, between sessions, when all stopped work for tea. Imagine a group of American college men stopping work at four-thirty to sip tea and eat cakes. But then that's considered "cricket" in England, "don't you know." On the afternoon of the written exam, all of the fellows seemed sort of depressed and downhearted, and I wondered if the exam was to be extra hard. Later I found the reason for all the gloom was an announcement that no time would be allowed for tea, and that

we would be expected to write straight on until evening. Well, we had a great surprise in store for us, for at regular tea time when every one had his nose in his papers, the door suddenly opened, and the waitresses came in with loaded tea trays, and served tea at the tables where we were writing. The howl of appreciation which went up sounded as if it had come from a bunch of schoolboys rather than from a group of mature men.

Shortly before we left London, we had a three days' fog which was so dense that bonfires and flares had to be lighted along the streets, to keep the busses and traffic from driving up over the curbs. At midday one could see but a few feet ahead. Suddenly the fog lifted one evening, and it was like a refreshing breath of air after suffocation in a smoky furnace room. The night we left Birkenhead it was raining, and quite cold and dark. By the time we had found our dock, down behind a large dark warehouse in the shipping district and were safely settled in our staterooms, we were so glad to get away from the fog, and cold, dark, wintry days of the British Isles that we did not care much where our ship took us.

The next morning we awakened to see the sun shining brightly, and we were far at sea. We had a touch of wind as we passed the Bay of Biscay, and for two days, while in the Mediterranean, we had high seas, which caused our good ship the City of London to both pitch and roll. Most of our party learned what seasickness meant, either passively or actively, and although some on the ship were afraid at first that they might die, none became so ill as to fear that they wouldn't die.

Expecting to be on the water at Christmas, we had prepared by purchasing small gifts, and Dr. and Mrs.

Hutchison, or Harry and Sue, as we call them, had even taken a small Christmas tree with trimmings. On the ninth day at sea a bulletin informed us that we would be landing the next day, and so we celebrated the day before Christmas in order to share it with those of our party who were going on to India.

On the afternoon before Christmas, we first sighted the shores of Egypt as low-lying, flat stretches of sand and mud to the south. Before we could make out the land or towns with our glasses, we saw the masts of sailing vessels, fishing boats, we were told by one of the ship's officers, in a little harbor at Damietta, a town on the Mediterranean shore, where one of the mouths of the Nile flows into the sea.

Late that afternoon, while still quite far at sea, our ship slowed down, a rope ladder was thrown over the side, and a pilot clambered aboard to take us into the harbor of Port Said. The pilot brought mail. Letters, you know, from England, reach Egypt more quickly than we do by long sea, because of the transcontinental train and air service. A letter for us carried the news from Mr. Caldwell, the Mission treasurer, that Ralph would meet us and see us through customs. You can imagine how happy we were at the prospect of seeing Ralph so soon, and Vera, especially, was beside herself with joy. She just stood out on deck for the rest of the evening, throwing kisses and waving to a fellow on the docks some few hundred yards away, whom she had picked out as her brother. The rest of us went down to the dining saloon to enjoy the captain's dinner, an especially good feed which is served before making port, as a farewell to the passengers who disembark. We certainly thought it a cruel joke on Vera a few hours later

when we did get on shore, to find that the one whom she had greeted as a brother had disappeared, for we learned that Ralph was not yet even in town.

Just as we leave the Mediterranean to enter the Suez Canal and the harbor at Port Said, we pass, on our right, a magnificent statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the engineer who built the canal, and suddenly we find that we are in the harbor, with its multiple sights of shipping from various parts of the world. As our engines slowed down we slid past two huge gray hulks, which were unmistakably British men-o'-war. We saw great freighters, large Japanese and German liners, and many smaller, but not less interesting craft of various types. Finally anchor was cast just opposite the customs house and the Marino Palace Hotel, where we found we were to stay. At Port Said the ships do not go to the docks as they do in the harbor of Alexandria, but they lie out in the canal, and lighters, or small boats, take the passengers, baggage, and freight to shore. Customs officials, and officers to examine our passports, the port doctor and quarantine officer, various agents from tourist companies and hotels came out to the ship, and we found that although we were within a little way from the landing, we were to be delayed, perhaps hours, before we could disembark.

Hawkers of every description, selling beads, shawls, post cards, sweets, and souvenirs of many kinds, were on the decks before we left the ship. Some of these could speak a little pigeon English, and so we began to form our first acquaintance with the Egyptians among whom we were to live. One man, who was a sleight of hand performer, quite upset Helen Louise's peace of mind by taking little live chickens from eggs, from her

pockets, ears, nose, and other strange places from which she had never before known chickens to come. He just as cleverly worked other sleight of hand performances, and then asked for baksheesh, or alms, a word which we were soon to learn, and which we are told we will never forget as long as we are in the East. Finally formalities were concluded with the passport and other officials, arrangements were made for the transportation of our luggage, and hurried good-bys were said to fellow passengers. We scrambled down the stairs on the side of the ship and stepped, or rather jumped, with the help of grimy outstretched hands, into a bobbing rowboat. Soon strong backs were swaying to the rhythm of oars, and we were leaving the floating hotel in which we had lived for ten days.

On landing at the wharf, the first thing we met was the necessity of changing our English money into Egyptian currency, which procedure made us reach for our pocketbooks. "Harry," Sue said, "I've left my pocketbook on the ship. It is hanging on the back of the stateroom door," and so Dr. Hutchison had a ride back to the ship again. Instead of the English half pennies, pence, shillings, crowns, and guineas, with their confusing relationships, we found the Egyptian currency easy to handle, in spite of the fact that we could not decipher the strange Arabic characters on it, for it was in a decimal system. The silver coins were similar in size to our own dimes, quarters, half dollars, and dollars, and their values were identical, and some of the smaller coins resembled nickels, while others looked more like Chinese cash with holes in the center. The piaster, worth a nickel, is the standard of their currency and one hundred of these make the Egyptian pound.

In time Harry got back with Sue's pocketbook, and we were ready to leave the dock, but we did not know which way to turn, for Ralph was not there. Suddenly we realized that we were not only in a strange city, but in a foreign country, for we could not understand a word of the shouting, yelling, babbling, quarreling din which reached our ears from the boatmen on the docks and from the mobs in the streets beyond. The Ralph to whom Vera had waved and thrown kisses from the ship's deck had vanished into thin air. We were lonesome indeed, and wished we could speak even a few words of Arabic. With heavy footsteps we passed into the customs house, where a courteous official, who spoke a little English, suggested that we take only personal hand luggage for the night, and then directed us to the hotel where Mr. Caldwell had advised us to stay. We found the hotel a short distance away on the water front, and there we made arrangements for our accommodations for the night. Upon inquiry for Ralph we found that he had not registered, but that the next train would be in at eleven o'clock.

Some of our friends going on to India got off with us at Port Said to take a turn around the bazar. One girl had heard that the best Turkish coffee in the world was to be had in the shops there, and so, the hour being early, and no Ralph being present to guide us, we decided to go with our coffee hunting friends. Along the street we found many curio shops interspersed by little open coffee shops, in front of which stood tables and chairs on the wide sidewalks. Choosing the least dirty in appearance of these shops, we sat down and ordered coffee. A barefooted, beturbaned waiter, clothed in a dirty white gown, drawn in at the waist by a red sash,

brought out a tray on which were diminutive cups and saucers. From a small copper pot he poured out the dark, thick, black coffee, which had been boiled with sugar, giving it a strong, bitter, but sweetish, and not unpleasant taste.

On the way back to the hotel we met an English padre who had been on the boat with us from London, en route to India to work among the English railway men there. The padre told us that he felt he should warn us, as a wireless had just been received by the ship's officer, to the effect that there had been rioting in Cairo that afternoon, and that five hundred Europeans had been killed. Our friends who were going on to India just laughed at the report, but we who were to be left envied them the safety of their ship, where we could at least speak the language. Wondering if the news the padre had could be true, we recalled the riots of 1919 when our missionaries had been in imminent danger. We remembered Ralph's letters telling of the butchery at Deirut, and of how he and Ellen, together with other missionaries, had been sent in from their stations to Cairo, and for days were not allowed to go out on the streets for danger.

Entering the hotel, we asked the clerk at the desk as to the padre's report, and he nodded assent, but was noncommittal as to what he thought of it. Harry and I suggested going to the station to meet the eleven o'clock train on which we expected Ralph, but at this point the clerk did speak, saying that we had better stay at the hotel and await our friend, as it was not safe for strangers to go there. We waited, our fears increasing. In time the hotel bus returned, but no Ralph. Inquiry was made as to when the next train would be

in from up-country, and we were told it would be Monday morning as the trains did not run on Sunday. Our fears turned into almost a panic, for if the report of the rioting was true, and we, strangers, were stranded here in a foreign land, what might be our fate?

Nothing was left but to go to our rooms and so we asked the clerk to have us shown to our quarters for the night. In a few Arabic sentences he gave directions to a big, burly, barefooted porter, and then he nodded for us to follow. We marched off as if to our doom. Bidding Harry and Sue good night, we turned to our room, though not to sleep. The room to which we had been shown opened by French windows onto a wide veranda which ran the length of the building. We locked the door to the hall with a little slide, which could not have withstood the onslaught of a ten-year-old boy, and then I turned my attention to the French window, trying to arrange for ventilation without leaving the door open onto that public porch. The thing just couldn't be done, so I gave up the ventilation as of lesser importance, and barricaded the door with a chair and our heaviest suit case, placing a china washbasin on top, so that if anyone did start to come in the basin would at least crash to the floor and awaken us to our danger. We said our prayers that night more earnestly than usual. I thought to myself, "Is this to be my missionary career, to come out here and be murdered with my wife and child, without even getting a start at the language?" I thought I had counted the cost when we decided back in Chicago, not to take up the offer of which I told you, and to go as a medical missionary, but I had counted on being a long-lived missionary, and not a martyr our first night in Egypt. Well, we went to

bed. I kept wondering just how long it might take riots to spread from Cairo to Port Said, and if the guard with the Cossacklike fez, and the ugly looking gun on his shoulder, who had been pacing up and down in front of the hotel all evening, would take our part, or join in with the mob, if such should attack us. Outside, there was as much noise on the street as one would hear at home when Monmouth was beating Knox in football, but it was not in good plain American which we could understand.

All of a sudden Vera whispered: "That's Ralph's footstep. That's Ralph, I know it is. I would know it if I heard it in China." I listened. I thought it might be Ralph's ghost out stalking in the hall. I did not think it could be his footstep though, for the last train until Monday had come an hour or so before. Again Vera whispered: "Listen!" Then her suspicions were rewarded by Ralph's whistle, giving that cheery old call which he and she had used since they were kids. We all gave a whoop and flew to open the door, on which he knocked a moment later. In walked Ralph as big as life, and Vera flew at him and threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him enough in one minute to make up for all of the kisses she had wasted earlier in the evening when we were lying out in the canal and she thought she had picked him out with her glasses.

"Why, where did you come from? How did you get here? Where is Ellen? Where did you leave the kids? Is there rioting in Mansurah, too? Weren't you afraid?" We all plied him with questions at once, and poor Ralph, who was unaware of all our fears, and of the report which we had heard, stood there as bewildered as we had been a minute before, when we thought

we heard him coming down the hall. More slowly we explained, and, in time, after he got the drift of what we were all talking about, and after we had spilled to him how scared we had all been, he just laughed at us, and told us that he guessed there must have been another schoolboy demonstration or strike in Cairo, and that he would bet that five hundred street lamps had been smashed, instead of five hundred Europeans being killed. Ellen, he told us, had stayed at home in Mansurah, with her maid and the children, and although there had been some political unrest and a little talk of school strikes, he thought there was nothing to warrant our barricading the entry of fresh air with chairs, baggage, and washbasins. Mr. Caldwell's instructions, he told us, had anticipated our arrival a day later, and so he had taken the late train. The bus which had met this train had not borne the name of our hotel, and so he had leisurely walked up from the station. This display of bravery quieted all our fears, and we passed on to Harry and Sue the good news that Ralph had really come.

The next morning was Sabbath and Christmas. We learned that the trouble had really been a little more serious than Ralph had thought. The business section of Port Said, in which the hotels were located, had been thrown under a cordon of police. While out for a little walk, Harry and I were just in time to see a squad of Sikhs, Indian soldiers, brought over by the British for patrol duty, break up a street mob with gunfire. Later we learned that bluejackets had landed the night before from one of the "men-o'-war" lying in the canal, and had quelled rioting, which had resulted in two or three fatalities.

That night the hotel served an old-fashioned English Christmas dinner. We had turkey with all the trimmings, and a huge fish was served *a la* mayonnaise, on the longest platter I have ever seen. When it was time for the dessert course, the lights were suddenly turned off, and the waiters entered, bearing trays of plum pudding ablaze with burning brandy sauce. The weird blue alcohol flames heightened the eerie effect of the sudden darkness into which the room had been plunged from its atmosphere of cheer and light a moment before.

Early Monday morning we succeeded in getting our boxes and trunks through customs, and then we started for the train. The Egyptian people as yet seem not to have learned the value of standing in line at a ticket window. The ones with the loudest voices and the longest arms seem to gain an unjust advantage over their weaker fellows. The agent shouted in Arabic, "How many?" and "Where to?" and then grabbing the money from one of the outstretched hands sticking through his wicker, counted and made change before depositing the ticket in the owner's grasp. Finishing this cat-and-dog method of securing passage on the Egyptian State Railways, we followed our porter, or shiel as he is called in Arabic, through the turnstile to the train platform. In Egypt we find the missionaries travel second class. A trainman led us to an empty section, making great ado of dusting the seats for a little baksheesh. As an extra fee is charged for checking baggage in Egypt, we decided to risk taking all of our luggage with us into the compartment. As the porter shoved our nineteen pieces of baggage through the window, we stacked them under the seats, in the racks,

and in the aisle. As the car began to fill up we found that others had a like proportion of bulky baggage.

The second-class coaches were arranged in sections which were open on a common aisle on one side of the car. In each compartment were two benches, each seating four people, the two benches facing each other. This arrangement kept us from seeing all the occupants of the car, as our curiosity led us to wish to do. At each end of the coach closed from the aisle by frosted doors, were compartments which were harem sections for the women. The first-class coaches were cleaner, the upholstering was more comfortable, and the sections were closed from the aisle by doors. The third-class cars had hard wooden benches, and no compartments, and they all seemed to be jammed as if their space was at a premium.

Although the Egyptian trains have harem sections, we noticed that many women mixed freely with the men on the streets and on the station platform. Universally the outer clothing of the women was black, but this varied in texture and material from the richest silks to the cheapest cotton. This outer black garment is called a habra, and it not only covers the whole body, but also hangs over the head in a capelike effect. Most of the women were veiled, so that only their eyes were visible. The Bedouin women wore little gold spools in the center of their foreheads, which seemed to be arranged as ornaments to hold their veils in place. Some of the women wore necklaces of gold coins. Many of them wore massive gold or silver anklets, and beautiful bracelets. Only the Mohammedans, we were told, wear the anklets. It was noticeable that all of the women seemed to have little children or babes with them.

Often the better-class women were accompanied by servant girls or maids.

As regards clothing, the men are divided into those who still wear the old style Egyptian dress, and those who wear the modern, westernized suits. The latter are called the effendi class, which word refers to their Western education and habits of dress. Although their clothing is no more uniform than is the dress of American men in color and texture, they all wear a uniform headdress. The fez or tarboosh which is worn is made of red felt and shaped like an inverted lard pail. From the center of the flat-topped tarboosh, a black tassel hangs over one side. Among the men who wear the old-style Egyptian clothing are a large majority of the working class who are called fellaheen. The outer clothing of these is a single garment, called a galabea, which has somewhat the appearance of a wide-sleeved nightgown hanging from the shoulders, and which is often made of the coarsest cotton cloth. Those of the wealthier classes often wear clothing of the richest silks or woolens. The gownlike dress is usually of brilliant color, and it is drawn in at the waist by a broad sash. Over this is worn a wide-sleeved, free-flowing, more somber-colored garment which reaches the ground. These men do not wear the tarboosh, but their headdress consists of a white turban wound about a small felt skullcap. This skullcap, among the poorer classes, is of coarse white or brown felt, while among the more richly apparelled, it is made of red felt and has a blue tassel. The Coptic priest can always be told from the Mohammedan sheik by the fact that his turban cloth is black instead of white. Instead of shoes, this class of men wear loose-fitting, heel-less slippers, made of

either brilliant red or yellow leather. Most men of the poorer classes go unshod. It is very common for men of all classes to wear shawls or scarfs wound around their necks.

As our train left Port Said it ran southward across flat, swampy marshlands, over which hovered many sea gulls and other water fowl. For quite a distance our train ran parallel with the banks of the Suez Canal, and at frequent intervals we could see the ghostlike upper decks of vessels sticking up, as out of the desert sand. We kept looking with our glasses at the names of all the ships, hoping we might again get a glimpse of the City of London, and of our friends who were India bound. In time the train swung west, and away from the canal and the swampy low country near the sea, and we were in the midst of the rich agricultural country of the Delta. Although it was mid-winter, the country was a beautiful green. The Valley of the Nile seemed a veritable garden plot. The farming seemed quite primitive to our Western eyes. In the fields we saw no horses, but only oxen, camels, and donkeys, and occasionally we saw a camel and an ox yoked together as one team. The big, mouse-colored water buffaloes, Ralph told us, were the milch cows of Egypt. Sometimes the little boy who herded these cattle would ride astride one of them. Women and children herded sheep and goats in the fields or along the dusty roads on the canal banks. In the fields were huge irrigating water wheels, turned by blindfolded camels or cattle. In Upper Egypt we were told water is lifted from one level to another for irrigating purposes by means of leather buckets hung on the end of long poles and balanced by great mud balls at the other ends. These crude machines

are manipulated by half-naked men, who work beneath the blazing sun for five piasters, or twenty-five cents, a day. The people, whole families, seem to live in the fields, in temporary shelters of cornstalks, while the agricultural work is being done. The crops seem to be principally Kaffir corn, cotton, wheat, beans, onions, and poppies, the last making beautiful patches of color. The threshing is done by the trampling of oxen going round and round, pulling a heavy, sledlike, wooden contraption after them, which breaks the wheat out of the heads, and then it is winnowed by hand. We did not see them threshing at this time of the year, but did see the threshing floors, which called forth our curiosity.

Aside from the pastoral and agricultural activities, the country presented other scenes of varying interest. In every direction were to be seen groves of giant date palms. Occasionally on the dyke roads, we saw strings of loaded camels, the nose of each being tethered to the tail of the one ahead, and the whole line being driven by a single barefoot camel driver. From the car window there was one constant succession of mud villages. In fact, one seemed to never be out of sight of them. The train ran close to some of these villages, so that their activities could be clearly seen. The dense jumbles of mud walls somewhat resembled rabbit warrens. Others of the villages could be seen in the far distance, rising like islands from the green verdure which surrounded them. We were told that almost ninety per cent of the dense population of Egypt live in these villages. We were ever reminded of the fact that we were in a Mohammedan land, for one common characteristic of all of these villages was the striking appearance of the solitary minarets of the mosques which rose

above the roof tops. Many of these villages lay some distance from the river or the larger canals, and as there were no town pumps the water supply had to be carried. Since the women are the burden bearers, this fell to their lot. The water was carried gracefully on their heads, in old oil tins, or in large earthenware jars.

Our train made frequent stops. At all of the stations were various kinds of food venders. In baskets which they carried on their heads were to be seen oranges, tangerines, cooked pigeon stuffed with rice, native white cheese, black olives, hard-boiled eggs, cucumbers, and the large flat loaves of the native sun bread. These articles of food were bargained and haggled for by the passengers who leaned out of the car windows. Around us men were constantly eating, throwing the rinds, peelings, and seeds on the floor. There was no water cooler with waxed cups at the end of the car, but many of the passengers had earthen water bottles in which they carried their drinking water, and as these cooled by evaporation through the porous clay, the floors were a mess of garbage and water, and added to this was the dust which blew in clouds through the open windows. Many of the men just doubled their legs up under them, and sat cross legged on the benches, so keeping out of the mess on the floor. Ralph told us that our train carried a well-equipped diner, in which were served splendid *table de' hôte* meals with several courses, and at more reasonable prices than our *à la carte* dining-car service at home.

At Zagazig we had a three hours' wait for the Mansurah train. As the train slowed down we saw Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Baird, whom I had known in college. They had come down to greet us and to take us to their

4. "The nose of each tethered to the tail of the one ahead." Page 31.

5. "We caught a glimpse of the pyramids of Gizeh." Page 36.

home for dinner. Leaving our baggage in the care of one of the porters, we went with them to their Ford. We filled the car completely, and perhaps the way we were packed in kept any of us from falling out, for Mr. Baird seemed to use his accelerator more frequently than his brakes. We careened through the narrow streets at what seemed to us a terrible rate, with the horn tooting at top notch most of the time. As the streets had no sidewalks, loaded camels and donkeys, water buffaloes, goats, sheep, pedestrians, and playing children, all had to be avoided. Although traffic was congested, there seemed to be no corner cops to enforce speed rules. The Bairds live in the house which was built by Dr. and Mrs. Hart. A school occupies the ground floor, while their residence is above. The narrow, busy streets abut on the sides of the building, as land is high in price and at a premium in Egyptian towns. Miss Bell, who has charge of the girls' school, and Miss Paden, who has charge of the women's Bible work, live with the Bairds and were present for dinner. The Baird children looked like a healthy lot of regular American youngsters, and did not wear halos as some would expect of missionary children. We had a good dinner, served by a silent, barefooted Egyptian, who wore a white galabea and a red sash which matched his tarboosh in color. The cooking and house work are done exclusively by menservants, we learned. We certainly appreciated the Bairds' kindness, and it did seem good to see homefolks in this strange land.

In Mansurah we had a good visit with Ralph and Ellen. While there, we became acquainted with some of the Egyptian people. We met the pastor of the Christian Evangelical Church, who speaks fine English. He

was especially glad to know us, for he claimed Ralph as one of his best friends. Also we met the Mohammedan sheik who gives Ralph Arabic lessons three days a week, and he wished us to start our study of the language immediately, as he knew no English. At Mansurah, the Mission recently purchased, with New World Movement money, a most desirable property, at quite a bargain. There, as in Zagazig, they also have a school on the ground floor of the Mission building, and plans are being made to have a community center there later. On the upper floor they have three flats, McLaughlins living in the middle one, and on one side of them live the two young ladies who have charge of the school and women's Bible work, while on the other side live Rev. and Mrs. Sam Work, who have charge of the evangelistic work on the Allegheny, a boat given to the Mission some years ago. Unlike the property at Zagazig, that in Mansurah has some ground around the building, enough to make a nice garden in which the school children can play. Although the property was valuable, and offered great prospects for development, one thing surprised me. None of the windows were screened, and the town was having a typhoid epidemic while we were there. One of the local physicians acknowledged that it was undoubtedly a fly-borne affair from surface sewage.

One day we went to a village where Ralph inspected schools and visited one of his evangelists. We made the journey on the Delta Light, a narrow-gauge railway. The school which we visited was conducted in a ramshackle, mud-brick building, and had little to show in the way of physical equipment. I learned, though, that it was better than many of the village schools. In spite

of the poor surroundings, the teachers seemed to be carrying on their work with a marked degree of efficiency, as was evidenced by the bright, intelligent faces and the good behavior of the children. Ralph seemed quite pleased with his interview with the headmaster. On our way to the home of the evangelist, we passed another school. This was a kutab, or Mohammedan primary school. As we passed the open door we glanced in and saw a group of boys seated on the floor, swaying back and forth, in more or less, mostly less, unison, shouting at the top of their voices, their lesson, from one of the chapters of the Koran. The teacher, or master, sat in front, facing the boys, with a large cane in his uplifted hand. Just after we passed I heard a piercing scream, and asked Ralph what on earth had broken loose. He explained that probably one of the kids near the door had stopped shouting, in order to look at the strange Americans who were infrequent visitors in the village, and so was receiving punishment.

At the evangelist's home we were given comfortable chairs and served with Turkish coffee. Soon the servant entered again with oranges, and sugar cane cut up in small pieces. Then we had tea with strong native butter in it. This last was a new one on me, and I excused myself, and watched Ralph take his with about as much gusto as if it had been a chocolate malted milk from a soda fountain. In Egypt one shows appreciation by sipping his drink audibly, and the louder the better. Ralph had evidently mastered the art of being appreciative. The evangelist had a diploma from Assiout College hanging on his wall. To me he talked in perfect English, but he found Arabic easier when talking business with Ralph. Before we left he brought his wife in to

speak to Ralph and to meet me. She was timid, but also spoke fine English, having spent some time in the P. M. I. She, of course, did not eat with us, as Egypt is a man's land. By the way, the P. M. I. is what they call the Pressly Memorial Institute, located in Assiout, the money for which was given by old Mr. Pressly, of Monmouth.

After a delightful week at Ralph's, we came on to Cairo, where we are to live while studying the language. As we neared Cairo we caught a glimpse of the Pyramids of Gizeh, which lie some seven miles south of the city, on a beautiful government paved road, which is said to have been built by Napoleon the Great. This was our first sight of the glory of the ancient Pharaohs. Mrs. Alexander met us at the train and took us to the Mission house. When one disembarks from an Egyptian train, he just chucks his baggage out of the car window as the train slows down, and a porter, with a number on his arm, in both Arabic and English, grabs it, and carries it through the station to the street. As Cairo is a great cosmopolitan city, we saw a number of hotel busses and taxicabs, but the most of the public conveyances are carriages. These are big phaetons with tops, with the driver's seat high up in front. They are generally drawn by a team of two skinny old skates. My medical work in Egypt started the minute we reached the Mission house, for Mrs. Alexander took me up to her flat to see one of the young women from the study center who was ill. They had decided to try the new doctor out on her.

The Mission house is an old building just across from Ezbekiah Gardens and around the corner from the famous Shepheard's Hotel, which in the early days was a halfway house on the camel route between Alexandria

and the Red Sea. This time of the year one sees there a constant crowd of tourists—European, British, and American. The mission property is right in the heart of the city on a busy street, while the section directly back of it is quite native.

The Ezbekiah building is a very large one, and it is a truly Mission Compound. In it is a large church room, where both English and Arabic services are held, and a school for boys, and another one for girls, and also in the building is the Seminary where are trained the ministers of the Synod of the Nile. Also four of the mission families live in flats in this large building, and most of their homes are comparable to hotels, for all of the American missionaries who are passing through Cairo, or who come here on committee business, become transient guests in these homes. Its strategic position, its multiple activities, and the historic interest which has long been connected with the building, make almost unnecessary the large sign indicating its location, for every cabby knows the American Mission.

Arrangements are being made for us to live with the Hutchisons in a large flat, a couple of blocks from the Khedive's Palace near Abdine Square. We are to occupy the second floor of a typical old Egyptian house. The dining room is a great, huge affair in the center of the flat, and with its twelve-foot ceiling, looks like a barn. I am afraid our meager furniture will be lost in space. The floor of this room is made of ballot, or colored cement blocks, so we will be spared the necessity of a carpet or rug. Harry and Sue are to have rooms on one side of this dining room, and we will have two bedrooms and a sitting room on the opposite side. Back of the dining room is a small hall, off of which open a

kitchen and a crude bath. There is a sleeping room for the servants on the roof. The portion of the house directly beneath where are to be our kitchen and sitting room is used for a stable, but I fear this one lacks the thorough cleaning which legend or mythology tells us the Augean Stables received. The house is inclosed behind a great mud-brick wall, and admittance is gained through a large iron gate, which is guarded by a bowab, or Egyptian doorkeeper. This one is said to be a hundred years old, and he looks the part. This bowab lives in a hovel beside the gate, and his master, the bey who owns the house, holds him responsible for all who enter or leave the place. The bey's wife causes the old man no trouble, as she goes nowhere, but I fear our frequent goings and comings disturb the old man and so increase his grumblings and curses. Just opposite the bowab's house, in the other corner of the little front yard, is a small building where the bey entertains his male guests, whenever such come. In Egypt, in the better class Mohammedan establishments, no men, excepting close relatives, are ever admitted to the portion of the house sheltering the harem quarters.

As Egyptian houses do not have built-in clothes presses and closets, we will have to have a large wardrobe, or dulab as it is called, made by a local carpenter. Many of the Egyptians are skillful in copying an idea in furniture, from either a model or picture. Although their tools are crude and primitive, and they have no factories which do millwork, one sees whole sets of furniture which they have made, comparable to factory-made things at home. In front of the carpenter shops men can be seen sawing wood. The log is held on a frame so that it is higher than a man's head, and one

man stands on the log, while another stands beneath, and with a long two-handled saw they cut out the planks.

For the present we are guests of Mrs. Harvey at the Mission house. She lives in a large flat on the second floor, just over a portion of the Boys' School, and her front door is directly across the hall from one of the entrances of the church room. Mrs. Harvey, you know, is the widow of Dr. Harvey, one of the pioneer missionaries of Egypt. She has lived in Egypt more than fifty-five years. With her live Mrs. Ewing, Miss Anna Y. Thompson, and Miss Elizabeth Hamilton. Mrs. Ewing, who is the widow of Dr. Ewing, another of our pioneer missionaries, has been in Egypt over sixty years, while Miss Thompson has been here almost fifty years. Also in the Ezbekiah building live Mrs. Watson, widow of the late Dr. Andrew Watson, who wrote the history of our Egyptian Mission, and Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Alexander who came to Egypt shortly after Miss Thompson. At Mrs. Harvey's we were immediately made a part of her household, having our regular places at the table. One of the things which made us feel quite at home was the way in which she conducted family worship. Following breakfast we all adjourned to her sitting room, where we were each given a Bible and read the Scriptures verse about.

The midweek prayer meeting for Cairo station has always been held in Mrs. Harvey's drawing-room. So many people coming in from the streets keep this room infested with fleas, still a common plague in Egypt. It seems to be quite good form to scratch or search for fleas any time in public, we discovered at our first meeting there. At Ralph's we noticed the regrettable lack of

screens, but, if possible, they are needed more at the old Mission building in Cairo. Here, not only on account of the flies, mosquitoes, and sand flies, some of which are always present, but because of the rats which infest the streets below, and which sometimes run up the walls and into rooms through the open windows, would they be of great value. It is evident that one of my first obligations will be to urge the screening of Mission property.

To-night we have just been reading again that wonderful nineteenth chapter of Isaiah. Now that we are beginning to take up the active duties of our missionary career here in Egypt, that chapter seems especially precious to us. Missionaries from other lands, I suppose, feel that the needs of their people and the claims of Christ make their fields of first importance, but in addition to all this, it seems as if, in this prophecy, God gives a definite promise for the evangelization of Egypt. The first part of the twenty-first verse reads, "And the Lord shall be made known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord," and in the last verse of the chapter Egypt receives a specific promise in the words: "Blessed be Egypt my people." It certainly seems as though that is a comforting and an encouraging promise for any missionary who has chosen Egypt as his field of endeavor.

We all join in love and very best wishes to you and all the home folks.

As ever, your son, HOWARD.

THE PROMISE GLIMPSED

Aakhunaten, heretic Pharaoh, broke with the polytheism of his times, instituting the worship of Aten, the Sun Disk. In his monotheistic conception of One Universal God, the Ancients Glimpsed the Promise of Isaiah, "The Lord shall be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord."

(42)

8 Sharia Kawala, Abdine,
Cairo, Egypt, April 22, 192—.

Dearest Mother:

Nearly three months have slipped by since we started housekeeping here with the Hutchisons. Since leaving Mrs. Harvey's, we have seen and experienced much which would be of interest to you. In this letter I want to tell you something of our work at the Study Center, and of one or two interesting trips which we have had lately.

For servants we have an old, one-eyed Mohammedan for a cook, and a young Berber boy, of the same religious persuasion, from the South country, who acts as suffragi, or table waiter. For decoration this boy wears one earring. Abdu, the older man, in addition to his cooking, does the marketing, while Mohammed, the boy, does the ironing, sweeping, and runs errands. When we started our housekeeping, Abdu and Mohammed knew no English, and we knew no Arabic; so Sue and Vera, who take charge of affairs alternating months, had to give their orders to the servants by signs and wonders. At first some funny things happened. One evening Vera tried to tell Abdu to make a custard. When Mohammed brought the pudding in, Vera and Sue looked at each other and broke out laughing; then the suffragi, smothering a laugh, beat it for the kitchen, jeering at the cook. Abdu rushed in grasping a big butcher knife, and I feared murder. Although Abdu may have given Mohammed a cuffing later, he entered at that point only to apologize and to

explain that never again would he hard boil six eggs and float them in sweetened milk for a pudding.

The Study Center, where we spend most of our time, has been misnamed. It should be called the Spray Center, for as the Arabic has some deep guttural, and strange gargling sounds, unknown to English throats, the process of demonstrating these by scraping the throat, often makes for a spray of saliva. This School of Oriental Studies is a branch of the American University, of which Dr. Charles Watson is the head. He is a son of the late Dr. Andrew Watson and a former secretary of our Board of Foreign Missions. The University is not a part of our American Mission, nor is it under the control of the United Presbyterian Church, as it is an interdenominational affair. But as the Study Center is primarily for the training of missionaries in Arabic and Islamics, our Mission and a few smaller missions have coöperated with the University in the staff of this one school. Besides Professor Jeffry of the University, a young chap who knows only seventeen languages, Sanskrit included, Canon Gairdener of the C. M. S. Mission, and Rev. Mr. Adams and Mr. Elder, of our own Mission, there are a number of Egyptian teachers. Two of these are of the effendi class and teach the grammar, and a number are sheuk, or, as young America would say, sheiks, who drill us in pronunciation, reading, and conversation. The Arabic consists of the classic, which is the learned and written language, and the colloquial, or unwritten common language of the streets. As this latter is used by ninety per cent of the people it is deemed of first importance. Canon Gairdener has written an ingenious textbook, in modified English characters, to teach us this unwritten

colloquial or darage. Great things are hoped for the future of this school, as some of the graduates of its two years' course already talk "rings" around others who have studied the language for a much longer time under the old methods. Sue and Vera may in time become Arabic sharks, but unless I develop more rapidly, I am doomed, for so far all I understand is, "iftah-hanikak," which means "open your mouth." This my sheik continuously shouts at me, as I try to voice the unpronounceable words which he vociferously repeats for me to mimic.

Among the things which I purchased before leaving home was a bicycle. In London, Harry and Sue bought English bicycles, and when we reached Cairo, Vera caught the fever and bought one also. I had an extra seat placed on the frame of my machine, just behind the handle bars, with foot rests on the fork, for Helen Louise, and so the five of us make quite a bicycle brigade. We ride together to school, to teas in the afternoon, and out to Gizera, the island between two branches of the Nile, where we go for a spin around the Khedivial gardens, or to the "Y" tennis club. Traffic is congested, but not as dangerous for such riding as at home, for autos are just beginning to be common in Cairo. Once Helen Louise and I did get a tumble. Some Egyptian boys, wearing galabeas, were kicking an American football in the street. One of them ran pell-mell into us, giving us a spill. One night we were all invited out to Heliopolis for supper. Heliopolis is a modern residential suburb of Cairo, built by a Belgian company out in the desert in 1906, near the site of the Biblical city of On. Although its name is a reminder of the heathen worship of the sun, the present city is noted for its hotels, race

course, British army barracks, and an important air field. We all started home about the same time, Harry and Sue on their bicycles, and we on an express tram, which ran parallel to the paved auto road. We had a few minutes' walk at the end of our ride, and were surprised to see the Hutchisons enter the gate ahead of us. It was fully a five-mile race.

One day in March, Vera and I took an afternoon off and went to the National Museum. Although many of the Egyptian antiquities have been taken away to the British Museum, and to Berlin, New York, and other places, some of the most valuable and interesting things are in the museum here in Cairo. The first floor was not so interesting, as its halls were filled with stone images of the old gods and goddesses, but on the second floor we found plenty to attract our attention. This floor is divided into several rooms which contain the relics and specimens of handiwork and art belonging to the respective ages of Egyptian history. In some of the rooms were miniatures carved in wood illustrating the royal barges in which the Pharaohs rode on the Nile, Nubian soldiers fighting in phalanx formation, and other phases of the activities of the times. In one section there was a wonderful collection of scarabs. These little stone beetles are sacred imitations of the Sun God and, when worn as a charm or amulet on the breast beneath the mummy wrappings, are supposed to protect the owner in the presence of the great god Osiris and to insure resurrection and immortality. One room was wholly devoted to a display of jewelry, representing the arts and crafts of various periods. This room was called the gold room, and it certainly offered ample proof that these ancients were no mean workmen.

To my way of thinking the section devoted to the royal mummies was the most interesting display of all. In glass-covered boxes or coffins were the mummified bodies, still in their wrappings, of some of the well-known kings of history. The mummy which especially captivated me was that of Amenephthes, son and successor of Rameses II. The Alexandrian tradition considers him the Pharaoh of the Exodus, the man who suffered all the plagues of Moses and who drove the Hebrews through the Red Sea. To me it was tremendously awe inspiring to stand in that presence and look into the physiognomy of that stiff-necked old duffer who displayed such a rarefied vacuity of the super-adenoidal space in failing to understand that the Lord meant for him to allow the children of Israel to go. After his eyes had been closed so long in death, I could not help but wonder if he should come to life, what tales he could tell. Although his magicians might have taught Thurston, Houdini, and Nicola, a few tricks, it seems as if Moses showed him a few things in the way of frogs, lice, and flies which Egypt has not forgotten yet. Most of the mummies were skinny and dried up, and looked as old as the guidebooks claimed them to be. One mummy, that of a woman, Tue I believe, resembled Kipling's description of a "rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair." One of the kings was a big robust bully who looked as if he might have been able to give Jack Dempsey a go for his money. Another body had splotches on the face which looked like smallpox marks, and a trephine hole in the head which would have been a tribute to the surgery of the Mayos. In all, I found the royal mummies a rattling good bunch of fellows, and I wish I might have had time to learn a few of their

secrets. Most of them looked rather gloomy and solemn, but then one must remember that none of them have had much fun for several thousands of years. One of the things which should make us moderns feel extremely humble is the fact that we know nothing of how the embalmers preserved these bodies to last throughout the ages.

At the Study Center are some of the American Y. M. C. A. secretaries. One of these men recently got up a party to go on an all-day trip to Sakkara and Gizeh to see the pyramids. About fifteen of us, mostly from the Study Center, made up the party. We left Cairo early one morning, and had an hour's ride by train, south to Bad-rech-ein, where our friend had made arrangements with a desert robber for a number of saddled donkeys and thieves to drive them. From the village we rode over the site of ancient Memphis. As we passed the ruins, we could see remnants of the walls and many broken bits of blue pottery. In a palm grove near by we saw the fallen Colossus of Rameses, and a gigantic alabaster sphinx in excellent condition. Although there are pyramids of many dynasties in this necropolis, one of the most important is the Step pyramid which is said to be the tomb of King Zoser, of the third dynasty, and one of the oldest stone buildings which has come down to us from ancient days. Near there, we went into a subterranean chamber known as the tombs of the bulls. Here by weird torchlight, we saw the sarcophagi of the bulls of Apis, which were sacred to the god Ptah. These stone coffins, weighing sixty-five tons each, had been cut from solid blocks of red or black granite. United with Osiris, the deceased bull Apis became a god of the dead. In some of the tombs at Sakkara, the

7. ‘ *The Citadel stood out like a gem.*” *Page 50.*

colors of the friezes are thought to be as brilliant as when placed there thousands of years ago.

Arrangements had been made to eat lunch at a hut on the edge of the desert, where water and feed for the donkeys had been provided. Each group in the party had taken their own lunch, and, most of us being green, had shifted the responsibility of carrying the foodstuff, onto the donkey boys. The robber chief had started the hold-up by driving a close bargain for the rental of his donkeys, and the beggars who ran behind and whipped the poor little beasts kept the thieving a-going. All of them begged for baksheesh from the moment we left Bad-rech-ein, and none of them stopped as long as we showed any weakness along that line. When the alms ran out two or three of the boys suddenly got tired and decided to go back, leaving their fellows to complete the trip. When we stopped for lunch the remaining boys begged for money with which to buy provender for their poor tired donkeys. Some of the uninitiated fell for this simple ruse. When we started to eat, a thermos bottle and the package containing most of the sandwiches were missing. We suspected, searched, then threatened our guides, but to no avail, for the donkeys had been paid for in advance, and the boys had already begged all the baksheesh they thought the traffic would bear, and so felt free to lie out of the situation. Later, a developed kodak picture showed the boy we suspected holding the package, which they denied having ever seen.

That afternoon we had a hot, tiresome ride across a long stretch of desert sand between the pyramids of Sakkara and the more imposing ones of Gizeh, which are located some seven miles south of Cairo. Some of

the party were too tired to attempt climbing the pyramids, and so wandered off to the Mena-House, a resort hotel near by, for tea. These pyramids are all built exactly in line with the compass. The Great Pyramid, built by Cheops, is four hundred and fifty feet high, but it is thought to have been originally four hundred and eighty-one feet in height. The topmost part of the pyramid, and the smooth outer covering of limestone are now gone, leaving the great piles of some two million, three hundred thousand separate blocks of stone, each weighing between two and three tons, in steplike formation. This, the largest of the three pyramids at Gizeh, covers some thirteen acres. The next one in size has a smooth outer covering at the top, making it impossible for climbing. The smallest one is but a mere baby, being less than half as high as the others. A few of us, each by the help of two Bedouin guides, clambered to the top of Cheops, and from this vantage point gained a magnificent view of the valley. The contrasts were striking, for the beautiful green of the fertile valley stood out against the desert wastes which lay in the distance. On the one side of this eternal monument on which we stood, lay an extensive burial ground, with its sepulchred streets, while in the distance on the opposite side, was Cairo with its teeming life. The Citadel, reflecting the rays of the setting sun, stood out like a gem against the purple haze of the Mokattam Hills. The flat table top of the pyramid is several yards square, giving ample room for the climbers to rest. For those who wished it, tea was served on the top of the pyramid. The sun had set by the time we had reached the ground again, so we did not take time to visit the tombs in the interior of the pyramids, but

we could not resist walking the short distance to gain a better view of the Sphinx. We saw where Napoleon's soldiers had shot off the human-headed lion's nose and pieces of his ears, but we could see no evidence to indicate that he had broken his discreet silence to resent even this insult. We had been told that the pyramids were most majestic by moonlight, but we had to leave that for another time, as already our day had taxed us to the utmost limit.

LATER, January 20, 192–.

We have just returned from a trip to Luxor, where we have spent a most wonderful ten days. Ever since coming to Egypt we have looked forward to this trip to Luxor, the seat of ancient Thebes, as no trip to Egypt would be complete without a glimpse at the antiquities there. We were fortunate in being the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Frank McClanahan, who are living there now. Dr. Frank is a brother, you know, of Rev. Mr. Neal McClanahan, the college pastor at Assiout, and they are old Monmouth boys, sons of Mrs. Jennie McClanahan, who lives on the west side of Monmouth. A few years ago when I was a kid in high school, Frank was a star athlete. He made a record in broad jumping which Monmouth College has never had broken since. In those days I never dreamed that I would be his fellow missionary out here in Egypt. Last term Dr. McClanahan was stationed in Tanta, at the hospital, and since returning from furlough last year, he has been in charge of a clinic in Luxor which he conducts in rooms on the first floor of the large native house in which they live. One of the most interesting features of his clinic is work he is doing among some lepers, who

come to him at stated intervals for injections of chaulmoogra oil. In Egypt lepers go openly on the street, and the disease does not seem to be feared as it was in Bible times, for really it is not the contagious disease which it must have been then. The treatment does not cure the disease, but it does seem to stay its progress, and these poor fellows seem especially grateful for what Dr. Frank does for them, for, even yet, lepers seem to be more or less outcasts from society.

In walking from Luxor out toward Karnak, there are some things of interest along the beautiful sunlit road. On the right we pass the Christian Evangelical Church, which was a gift in memory of his father by Yessa Bey, a wealthy Christian of Upper Egypt. Near the church is a large Christian school for boys. A little farther along, on the same side of the road is the Luxor Girls' Boarding School, which was built by Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan, and the fine building and organization there now stand as a tribute to her. It is said that she got most of the money from her friends and from tourists, and she did not wait for a New World Movement, but by her faith and tact and ability secured the funds for the building. Farther along, but on the opposite side of the road, is a little, quiet British cemetery, where lie the bodies of some of our own missionaries.

The Coptic or Oriental Christmas comes early in January instead of in December, and so the schools were just starting their holidays when we were up there. The first day there, we attended a Christmas program given by the girls of the Luxor Mission School. Each girl in the school had some part in the program, which was given in both English and Arabic. One feature was a Maypole dance, or drill, which was similar to the one

they hold each May in Monmouth. It was instituted by Miss Ella Downey, I believe, who was a Monmouth girl, and so you see the influence of our old college days is rather directly applied in some ways to our work out here. After the exercises, we attended a display of the sewing and fancy work done by the girls of the school. It was quite nice work, and Vera purchased a few doilies. One day later, we were guests again of the teachers of the school, for tea. At that time we saw a little of the building and of the plant. From the roof of the building we had a fine view of the town and of the surrounding valley. Miss Whiteside, the principal of the school, is home on furlough, but her telescope was standing there on the roof, having been left for the use of the school. Miss Whiteside, you know, is an astronomer of some note, having discovered a star which bears her name. Also on the roof were three large tanks which attracted our attention. As there are no public waterworks or electric light plants in Luxor, they have put in a gasoline motor to pump water into these tanks and to turn a dynamo which generates electricity. A system of storage batteries helps this along. Light and water are thus furnished for the school and for the house belonging to the Women's Board, which stands next door. Rev. Mr. Jim Pollock, another Monmouth graduate, lives in this residence, which is one of the very finest owned by the Mission in Egypt. In contrast to this are the places where Dr. Frank McClanahan and Miss Walker and Miss Wilson live. They live in native houses, use kerosene lamps and lanterns, and all their water is carried into the house in skins. Consequently they have a rather limited amount at times.

The ruins of ancient Karnak lie about a mile north of

the town of Luxor. This south or main approach is built over by a modern Egyptian village, known as the village of Karnak. Now this does not mean modern in the sense in which we might use the word in America, but rather in contrast, because of its proximity to the antiquities near by. This village is constructed of miserable mud huts, and its streets are narrow and crooked and filled with dirty children and grown-ups, and all sorts of domestic animals. It seems strange that here on the very sight of these magnificent ruins live people who know nothing of, and care less for, their significance, the glory of ancient Egypt. All these people think of is eking out their miserable existence by begging backsheesh from the tourists who pass by. The main street of the village is flanked on either side by the pedestals of recumbent rams, a remnant of the main highway which connected the temples of Karnak with that of Luxor. Just inside the Southern Pylon, a great arched portal bearing a figure of the winged Sun Disk, is the small temple of Khons, where the ancients worshiped the moon god. We walked around to the east, or river entrance, and approached the confines of Karnak proper, walking up an avenue which was lined by rows of sphinxes. As we passed through the great iron gates where guards inspected our admittance tickets, we were carried back in imagination to the time when the Pharaohs ruled Egypt.

Karnak is really a series of different temples, erected to different gods by different rulers. Enough of the ruins are still intact to give one a little glimpse of what the temples must have been in ancient times. The temple area at Karnak is said to cover more than a thousand acres, and the inclosed portions formed possi-

bly what was the largest temple in the world. Of all the interesting ruins there, those of the temple of Amon are without parallel the greatest. This building does not have any uniformity in its architecture, as it was erected by a number of successive rulers, each of whom endeavored to outrival his predecessor in his contribution toward the god and in the monument which he left to his own name in so doing. The god Amon was the local deity of Thebes, and his worship was one of the forms of the ancient sun worship. The great court, Hypostyle Hall, and the temple of the middle empire, all make up the Great Temple of Amon. Hypostyle Hall is composed of one hundred and thirty-four columns. The twelve central columns are almost twelve feet in diameter, and it would take six men with outstretched arms to reach around the circumference of each. We found one of the most interesting parts of the Temple of Amon a small chapel, where had been kept the sacred boat of Amon, which once a year, in their great religious festival on New Year's Day, was floated down to the Temple of Luxor, and returned to Karnak in the evening. The inner sacred room of this little chapel, which in the days of its glory, was almost a holy of holies, is to-day rudely trampled by profane feet.

In the courts are still standing one or two of the great obelisks and a few of the columns which were erected as monuments to different rulers. Each year during the inundation of the Nile, the water floods the temple area, and this is so weakening the foundations that many of the great pillars are tipping and falling. One of these columns is doomed to fall within nine years, as has been estimated by one of the government engineers, for by that time it will have overreached its center of gravity.

The glory of ancient Egypt is most wonderfully shown by these temple ruins. Words fail to picture the greatness, the glory, and the magnificence of the ages past which are represented. One's imagination is literally staggered by the immensity, the grandeur, and the evidences of wealth displayed by the ruins of Karnak, where the priests worshiped the sun and the moon, and the heathen gods of ancient Egypt. These ruins represent a building such as no moderns have ever built. The cost of this building could never be computed in millions of pounds sterling, but only in the life blood of the thousands upon thousands of bond slaves who quarried these immense rocks at Asswan, floated them down the flood of the Nile, and later carved and erected them to form the most magnificent edifice known to man.

Just to the right, as one enters Hypostyle Hall, half buried beneath the dust and sand of the floor, is a great alabaster slab some six feet or more square. Carved upon this stone are pictures of negro and Asiatic races, representing the hostile countries which ancient Egypt subjugated in warfare. The Pharaohs, upon returning from a victory, would stand upon this stone, and, grinding their heels upon the faces of the figures of their prostrate enemies, tell the assembled host of lords and captains of their latest victory, and of the country which would next be represented upon the stone beneath their feet. This stone has been called the first pulpit of the world, but it has never been used for religious purposes, except to proclaim the glory of a conquering Pharaoh, who considered himself as a god. These old boys had no modern ideas of fighting for five years, signing an armistice, and dickering for another

five years as to the payment of reparations. Instead they hewed to pieces with their swords their enemy captives. They took the women and children for slaves, then, after looting, pillaging, and burning the enemy's country, they marched proudly back to ancient Thebes with their captive kings and generals chained like dogs to their chariot axles.

North of the side door of Hypostyle Hall is the very interesting little temple of Ptah, the patron god of Memphis. This temple is composed of three rooms, two of which contain idols which are still standing. One of the images is that of the god Ptah, while the other is the cat-headed goddess Sekhmet, who is the goddess of war, and the wife of Ptah. When the doors are closed the rooms are dark, except for light which comes down through holes in the roof directly over the heads of the idols. These apertures are so arranged that at high noon the light falls directly on the images and, with the rest of the rooms in shadow, it gives a weird lighting effect. We heard that the goddess Sekhmet was supposed to be able to help in affairs of the heart, and it is said that countless women have kissed the foot, or hand, I forget which, of this idol, and have prayed to it for help in their love affairs. We also heard the rumor that a long time ago, when Egypt was in danger of invasion, the priests hid the idols in the ground of the rooms in which they stood. Two of them have been raised again, but the third one is still buried.

One of the most interesting things we saw at Luxor was Musa the snake charmer, a well-known local celebrity. As there are a number of holes and cracks around the crumbling rocks and ruins of Karnak, Dr. McClanahan procured his services one afternoon, and

we took him out there for a performance. He caught an ugly looking scorpion, which he allowed to sting his hand repeatedly, and then he put the scorpion on the sand, drew a circle around it, and repeated a flow of Arabic incantations over it, and half an hour later when we returned it was still within the circle, as if really charmed. Although some think he is a fake, I am not anxious for his job. He rolled up his sleeves, and stuck his arms in a number of different holes from which he drew out snakes. It was very fascinating to watch him and whether he had planted them, or whether by sleight of hand he drew them out of his sleeves, or whether his self-claimed knowledge of two hundred and ninety-six different kinds of snakes and their habits, enabled him to really catch them, as he pretended to do, I do not know. But I do give him credit for having given us a good performance, and I agree with Frank that the best thing is just to consider that we saw a good show and not worry how it was done. At the girl's school there is a good deal of underbrush on the compound, and although Musa may be a fake, I hear that he visits there regularly for a St. Patrick's Day performance.

One day we crossed the river in a sailboat, and took a carriage to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. One can go by donkey, and a few years ago that was the only way one could go. But now the government, since the opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen, has built improved roads, so that carriages and autos can make the trip fairly comfortably. A registry was taken, and checked upon our return, by a government official, for last year a good deal of trouble was experienced on account of marauders who frequented lonely parts of the road. As one enters the valley of the Tombs he

suddenly finds himself in a deep canyon, surrounded on practically all sides by great, yellow, stone cliffs, or mountains as they are called here. As these hills are almost perpendicular, the valley is stiflingly hot, under the noonday sun, even in mid-winter. The solitude which pervades this valley is uncanny and oppressive.

We found time to enter only four of the most interesting of the tombs. Only seven of the tombs are lighted by electricity and are frequented by tourists. We found the tombs all more or less similar, but each one was interesting. Long, slanting, irregular passageways, with many turns, lead down to the mortuary chambers. The tombs consisted not only of the rooms which had contained the sarcophagi, but also rooms which had held the embalmed foodstuffs, and the furniture, and the other paraphernalia, supposed to be needed by the deceased in the after world. We were especially interested in the reliefs upon the walls, many of which were still in excellent preservation. These sacred pictures were for the instruction and guidance of the king in his trip through the underworld. It is amazing how the chemistry of these colors has held fast for so many thousands of years, and we are also led to wonder how the ancients illuminated these chambers while this work was done, for except in the tombs which have been pillaged at later dates, there is no evidence of soot or smoke which could have come from lamps or torches. It seems almost impossible to believe that they reflected sunlight by a series of mirrors.

Tomb number thirty-five, the last one we entered, was especially interesting, for it is the only one open to the public which still contains the body of the king. The sarchophagus with the mummy of Amenophis

II, and in another room, the uncoffined mummies of three women, lying side by side, are to be seen. History states that whenever a king died, many of his household and of his court were killed and buried with him, as it was the custom to not allow the spirit of one so great to go into the other world alone. It is possible though, that in certain instances of these court murders, political reasons may have had as much weight as did religious customs.

All Egypt has been stirred by the recent opening of the tomb of Tutankhamen, by Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter. As yet the tomb has not been thrown open to the public, but it was pointed out to us by one of the guides, and we had our pictures taken in front of its entrance. We did not attempt to go to the Valley of the Tombs of the queens, as it was growing late, and we were quite tired. These tombs, I understand, are not as large as are the tombs of the kings, but they are better colored and better preserved. On our return we passed the Colossi of Memnon, two gigantic stone figures, sixty-four feet high, which stand out in a field alone. Besides stopping for a while at the Ramesseum, we visited a few tombs of people who were not of royal families. At noon we stopped on one of the porches of the temple of Queen Hatshepsut, where we ate our lunch. This building is set in direct line, by the compass, with the buildings of Karnak, across the river, an engineering feat which seems marvelous in the light we have of the knowledge of those days.

On recrossing the river we had a good view of the Luxor river front. On the street which runs parallel with the river are a number of curio shops. Just north of these are the ruins of the temple of Luxor, while south

of the shops stands the Winter Palace Hotel. Along the embankment in front of these shops are anchored many boats, among the largest of which are the luxurious steamers of Thomas Cook & Son and the Anglo-American Nile Company. At times there are also to be seen dahabiyehs, or the white-sailed houseboats belonging to wealthy families. Besides these are many and various smaller craft. The Winter Palace is by far the finest and largest of the three or four first-class hotels in Luxor. It is an immense structure, well built and clean. Back of it lies a large, well-kept garden, partly for the entertainment of guests and partly for the raising of fruit and vegetables. In it is an orange grove, together with other tropical trees, plants, and flowers. Scattered beneath the trees are benches, and in one place are tennis courts for the use of patrons. A monkey cage, and a few bird houses add to the parklike appearance of the garden. The hotel itself faces the river, affording a beautiful view of the Nile from its verandahs. A group of Swiss people operate the hotel in winter, returning to their own country for the summer months, as Luxor is too hot for foreigners, being a veritable furnace from May until October. In contrast to the European hotel and tourist shops, with their evidences of luxury and wealth, one steps directly around the corner, into narrow winding streets, without sidewalks. Here he is apt to be jostled by loaded camels, donkeys, water buffaloes, or flocks of sheep and goats. One has to step aside for veiled women bearing various loads upon their heads, or for the children whose only playground is the street.

One night we were invited with the McClanahans to the home of Yessa Bey for dinner. Some of the other

guests were from the Winter Palace Hotel, and evening dress was more or less the order of the day, but I had only a clean face and my ordinary clothes to wear. Yessa Bey is one of the most prominent of the Christian men of the Upper Egyptian country, and as he is well educated, and is very rich, he is able to entertain lavishly. It proved to be quite a dinner party. We had soup, an entree, turkey, pigeons, one or two other kinds of meat, several vegetables, fruits, etc. Some of the things, I know, came from Cairo, as they could not have been procured in the market at Luxor. Besides such an outlay of foods, served in eight or nine courses, there were wines, which we missionaries, and also some of the other guests, did not touch. After dinner the host took us upstairs and showed us his rare antiques, which are considered one of the best private collections in the country.

The McClanahans had had a standing invitation for some time to go through the ruins of Luxor temple with Mr. Englebach, a Britisher who has charge of the antiquities of Upper Egypt, as well as being a student of archeology. As the day arranged for this trip chanced to be during our visit, we were fortunate enough to be invited to go along. Luxor temple is very small in comparison with Karnak, but Mr. Englebach's explanations made it, if possible, more interesting. He explained the forms of the ancient worship, some of the writings and pictures on the walls, and told us much of the history of the place. This temple was built by Amenhetep III, and it was dedicated to Amon, the local god of Thebes, his wife Mut, and their son Khons, who was the moon god. It seems as if the heathen gods had regular families. The temple area is quite a conglomera-

tion of religious relics, for one can see not only the ruins of the heathen temple, but also remnants of a Roman forum, a chapel which was used as a Christian church centuries later, and in one corner of the grounds abutting one of the pylons is the Mohammedan mosque of Abu'l Haggag.

At this Luxor temple, and also at Karnak, we noticed that in places the hieroglyphics were mutilated, some of the words being actually chiseled out. An archeologist once said that it was his business to make the dust of the ages shake itself back into form and to make the rocks break forth into speech. At least as we were told the story of Aakhunaten, it seems as if these ruins did that very thing. As the story goes, when the princes of Thebes conquered their rivals in Northern Egypt, Amon, their local god, became the national god. When Amenhetep IV came to the throne as a mere boy, he inherited rulership over what was then about the whole known world. This king's father hunted lions, entertained royally, and lived on the fat of the land. Outwardly he was loyal to Amon, the national god, and he kept on good terms with the arrogant priests of Amon by building temples and monuments in the god's honor. At heart the old king had no conscience in permitting the worship of other gods, as they all looked alike to him. But the young king was not like his tolerant father. He was seriously minded, and to him religion was important. The boy's grandmother was a Mitannian princess and despised the god Amon, and so she worshiped Aten, who was more like the gods of her own country. When a kid, the young Pharaoh was tied to his mother's apron strings. She even chose his wife for him. Ti, his mother, and Nefertiti, his wife, as well as

his nurse, also worshiped the god Aten. More than this the nurse's husband, Ai, was one of the priests of Aten, and thoroughly grounded the young king in the cult of the sun god. This training taught him to hate Amon as much as to love Aten. Under the tutorship of Ai, the priest, he proved a brilliant student, but was no good as a king. When young, he was controlled and influenced by his women folks, but when he became his own boss he started to think for himself and gradually molded the cult of Aten, the sun god, into his own monotheistic conception of God.

When once the king determined to make the worship of his god Aten the national religion, instead of that of Amon, he grew hard boiled, and put his foot down with a firm hand. He abolished the worship of Amon, and confiscated the wealth of the priests, who owned about one out of every seven acres of the arable soil of the land, and held as temple slaves one out of every fifty of the serfs. When the priests saw their power slipping away, they cursed Aten and his fanatical devotee, but they raved in vain, for the Pharaoh's word was absolute law. The king ordered the name of Amon and those of all the other gods chisled off the temples and monuments, as Aten was to be the One and Only God. Amenhetep, his own, and his father's name meant "Amon is Content," and in order to do away with the name of the despised god, he had to obliterate the name of his own father. Being consistent, he changed his own name to Aakhunaten, which means, "Aten is Content." In time the disgruntled priests influenced the people, and they began to complain and soon openly dissented. Perhaps to protect his family or to insult the god Amon, he decided to move the capital away from Thebes. This

10. Musa, the snake charmer. Page 57.

must have jarred the cherries on his grandmother's bonnet, but nevertheless the royal court was set up in Tell-el-amarnah, fifty miles north of Assiout. Even the art and literature of the times were changed. A wonderful new city was built, with temples to Aten, who was firmly established as the god of all Egypt.

For centuries the ancients had a misty sort of belief in a Supreme Being who was self-created and who ruled the universe, but who had a bunch of godlets under him who tended to the minor details. This idea was not original with Aakhunaten, but as the Egyptians had no name for, and no definite idea of, this Supreme Being, the heretic king was the first to insist on the belief in, and the worship of Only One God. Some of the hymns to Aten sound like the psalms of David, and perhaps the reformer got some of his ideas of God from the Hebrews. Aakhunaten insisted on more simple worship and opposed the magic rites and mystic symbols which had protected the dead on their journey through the underworld. Some historians think Aakhunaten was a unique reformer, while others consider him as only a religious fanatic, suffering from water on the brain.

As the cult of Aten grew, the king gave more attention to religious matters and allowed the government to run itself. Instead of mixing with soldiers and politicians, the king chummed around with Ai, the priest. The opposition of Amon's priests, the discontent of the people, and the neglect of state affairs, soon put the skids under the empire. Egypt was in an uproar, and its colonies revolted. Caravans were held up and robbed. Ambassadors from outposts, asking for help, were ignored, or kept waiting for months to see the king, who would not face the necessity for war. Taxes

were left unpaid. The empire rapidly disintegrated, and soon his subjects loathed both Aakhunaten and his god.

After a troublous reign of seventeen years Aakhunaten died, and with him the cult of Aten. The priests of Amon were not slow about getting back into power. The son-in-law of the heretic king, who later came to the throne, turned apostate, and changed his name from Tutankhaten to Tutankhamon, and the capital was taken back again to Thebes. Although a good deal of the value of Aakhunaten's reform was lost in the return to the religion of Amon, it did some good in that his monotheistic conception of a Supreme God was established, which influenced the religion of the ancients for a good many centuries.

One evening when prowling around Karnak, I was thinking of this story of Aakhunaten, when I heard the dismal howl of jackals in the distance. Looking up, I saw a fox scamper across the ruins making the desolation of the place seem more poignant. Surely, I thought, these tumbled, broken, crumbling images, the remnant of a glorious, forgotten past, only emphasize that the heathen idolatry of those ages failed in *Fulfilling* God's promise. But I could not help but believe that Aakhunaten in his conception of Aten, the sun god, had at least a *Glimpse* of the knowledge of the true God, and that he foresaw the Promise, "The Lord shall be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord."

With love and affection, your son, HOWARD.

THE PROMISE REPUDIATED

Copts, who suffered the diabolical persecutions of the mad Diocletian, experienced dissension and schism under the clemency of Constantine, and spiritual leadership gave place to a desire for political supremacy. This Oriental Christian Church, which should have, and which could have, given to Egypt the open Bible, lost the spirit of Christ, thus Repudiating The Promise.

(68)

Assiout, Upper Egypt, March 22, 192–.

Dearest Mother:

Well, at last we are settled in Assiout, in our own house, and with some of our own furniture. This house is not much better than some of the garrets we lived in when in Chicago during my school and interne days, but it is at least larger. Egyptian-built houses are usually not as well built as are the ones put up by the Mission, though of course some of the homes of the wealthier class are magnificent. We had to have a sink put in the kitchen, some plumbing in the bathroom, and a good many little odd jobs done, which we deemed necessary in order to make the flat safe and comfortable for occupation. For instance, we had what may have been intended for French windows on one side of the house, but as we are on the third floor, and as a balcony had never been built on this side of the house, there was a sheer drop to the ground if one chanced to open these innocent-looking windows and stepped out. Vera and I might have been able to remember, but we feared for Helen Louise, and so insisted upon the windows being walled up part way from the floor. Safer locks had to be put on the doors, and lights placed in the hall and at the foot of the stairs. Our landlord, Iscander, a Copt by profession, lives on the ground floor. Many of the improvements we insisted upon, he thought needless, for instance the light in the hall. We felt differently about it though, for often he kept a sheep or a goat tethered there, and our friends, coming into this stable-like entrance, and finding no light, turned away, not knowing we were aloft with our latchstring hanging out.

Here in Egypt, in the Frangie (European) homes, and in many of the better class Egyptian homes, the cooking is done on waboors, or little one-burner kerosene stoves, which have an air compression tank and a pump which has to be worked at frequent intervals. You can imagine that it is hard to keep an even heat for baking and cooking with such a stove, at least harder than with the electric and gas ranges which we have at home. Of course the great mass of the poor people do not have even such luxuries and conveniences as these waboors. Most of them live in mud-brick houses, and they have fireplaces made of a few sun-dried bricks, or else they build their fires in the center of the open floor. For fuel they use cornstalks or dried manure cakes. A very common sight is to see little girls going along the street with baskets on their heads, picking up fresh manure which they and their mothers make into these cakes and plaster on the walls to dry in the sun. Instead of a laundry in the basement, we have a washroom upon the flat roof. A woman comes once a week and does the washing, but our cook does the ironing. The women here scorn even a washboard, let alone the electric washers which we think so essential at home, using only soap and elbow grease, and plenty of it. Our woman, Bahr Nil by name, which means the River Nile, squats down on her feet in front of a big copper tisht, or pan, and scrubs while she smokes away at a cigarette. This cigarette makes up for the lack of other modern things.

You know Vera's mother sent out her piano for us to use. The carrying of the piano up the narrow winding stairs to the third floor was a real ordeal to both body and soul, to the body of the giant who did the carrying and to Vera's soul as she watched her precious piano

being bumped and jammed along the narrow turns until it at last reached our floor, with a number of scratches and one pedal missing. I said the body of the man who carried the load, but I must explain, for several men started with it, but one big fellow, who was a giant in size and an ox for strength, literally did the lifting. The others just hung on around the edges, balancing the piano at the turns, when they were not avoiding being jammed between it and the walls. Loud, angry yelling in Arabic by the different men trying all at once to tell each other what to do, or what not to do, made up in part for the lack of coöperation which might have done the work easier and safer.

Our house is at the end of the new street called the Birka, which extends out parallel with the railroad, and which gives us a front verandah view over the beautiful fields toward the college, the canal, and the far-distant hills. To make up for our beautiful, airy location, we soon found one fault with the place which counterbalanced, in part at least, its good points. This fault was rats. Rats in themselves are bad enough, at least we thought so one night when Vera forgot to put her net down and was awakened out of her sleep by a rat running across her face. But here they are of far more significance then merely as a nuisance, for they harbor plague, and now we are suffering with an epidemic of this dread disease. A woman a few doors down our street died of plague last week, and one of the Egyptian maids at the hospital was sent to the government camp, or pest hospital, yesterday afternoon. Although we've all taken preventive injections we would be just as glad not to have rats around. This morning I got the shock of my life when just outside of the door of our building,

where every one who enters or leaves the place has to pass, there were seven dead rats lying in a heap. Some one had evidently chosen that place to empty his rat traps, or else had used poison. Whoever did that trick, though, surely made a mistake, for you know the plague is a rat disease, and it is carried to man by fleas which live on the rats. When a rat dies, the flea hunts another host, and too often man is the host chosen. Had the person who dumped those rats in that public place known his business, he would have taken them out into the fields and poured kerosene upon them and burned them. But such are sanitary conditions, and so every year we get some plague.

Soon we hope to be free from both rats and the plague. They say the heat of summer kills off the fleas, but I agree with David, who said "all men are liars." When the grain ripens soon these field rats will go back to their natural habitat. Each fall the inundation of the Nile takes place, being caused by the engineers closing the dams which flood the various basins along the course of the river. For about two months this flooding process makes a veritable sea of the Nile Valley, leaving the towns and villages standing above the water like islands, connected by dykes which form the country highways. This flood leaves a bed of silt and mud which enriches the land, but it also drives rats into our houses for the winter. There are other diseases which are even more typically Egyptian than the plague. Trachoma is a most common eye malady which affects nearly ninety per cent. of the people, and which records show has been here since ancient times. Also as many people suffer from bilharzi, an intestinal parasite disease which has for one of its hosts a little snail which is found in all

of the irrigating ditches. We are thankful, though, that we do not have the dread cholera from which they suffer in India. This is due, I think, to the excellent filtered water supply which is piped to different parts of our city.

Dr. Henry, who started Assiout Hospital some thirty years ago, recently resigned its superintendency and is now home in America on furlough. The other members of the staff are Dr. Finley, who is now superintendent, Dr. Pollock, and Dr. Whitcomb, a young fellow near my own age. We also have the assistance of an Egyptian doctor for three days of the week. Dr. Fareed Gindy is a graduate of Assiout College, and of the government medical school, Kasr el Eini, in Cairo. Besides being an excellent physician and surgeon he is a fine Christian gentleman. In return for all that Dr. Fareed is teaching us about surgery and tropical medicine, Dr. Whitcomb and I are teaching him American slang, and we are trying to create in him a desire to go to America for postgraduate study.

I must not forget to tell you of the tragic thing which happened here in the college just last week. A week ago Sabbath afternoon, Tawfeik Effendi Zakery, one of the third-year college men, was drowned. This young man and a few of his companions had just come out of the college chapel, or afternoon preaching service, and started for a walk across the barrage. This big bridge and dam crosses the Nile a little way from the college, just below the opening of the Ibrahamia Canal which takes water down several hundred miles to the Fayoum district. As these boys were crossing the barrage a fellaha, or peasant woman, came along with her little baby girl, and stopping to adjust her clothing, or the

load she was carrying on her head, set the child down for a moment on the parapet of the bridge. She turned away a second from the child, and when she looked back she gave a scream which all heard, for her baby had fallen over the parapet, some thirty feet below, into the surging torrent which came over that portion of the dam. Like a flash, before his fellows knew what he was about, Tawfeik Effendi jerked off his coat, and threw off his tarboosh, and plunged the thirty feet over the bridge, after the child. Tawfeik was a good swimmer, and was going strong for the child, when his clothes caught in hooks of fishing lines which had been set there for the night's catch. These dragged him down under the rushing waters, and he not only failed to reach the drowning baby, but was also unable to extricate himself, and in a few minutes was drowned. It all happened suddenly, more quickly in fact than I can tell you about it. Not only the college, but the whole community has been stunned and saddened by the terrible accident.

In one way Tawfeik's death did not seem entirely untimely. Here in Egypt such an act was in marked contrast to the common indifference of Mohammedanism to weakness and need. Anywhere such an act would have been recognized as one of bravery and unselfishness, but here especially it was a wonderful thing. Tawfeik was a well-educated young man, and he came from a wealthy family. Usually it would have been considered beneath such a man to have chanced his life for a child of the lower classes, and especially for a girl. As looked upon here, the life of such a dirty, ignorant, poor little girl baby is almost nothing in comparison to that of the rich, educated young man, who died in an effort to save her. Tawfeik was a Copt, or at least

his people were Copts. I believe that this noble deed can be accounted for because of this, and also because of his contacts for many years with Protestant Mission schools. Many of the Copts care as little for women and children as do the Mohammedans, and the general attitude of most men of Tawfeik's station in life would have been to ignore such an emergency if it meant danger to their own lives. Evidently though, somewhere in his early training, Tawfeik Effendi had gained higher ideals.

Just a few days before Tawfeik's death, Dr. Neal McClenahan, who was his instructor in religious education, had asked the boys in his class to write in their notebooks some of the principles on which they thought true success was built. Several of the remarks in Tawfeik's book indicated that he thought true success depended on doing his best for God, and his noble deed seemed truly to have been done in the spirit of the Master. He seemed to have grasped the Christ's ideal of service, and I am sure that there could be no better demonstration of his Christian ideals than proved by his heroic act. Tawfeik was intending to be a doctor, and he would have made a fine Christian physician such as we need so much in Egypt. Because of the heat here, when there is a death, law requires that the body must be buried within twenty-four hours, and so on Monday the remains were taken to Shemmea, his village, for burial. A good many of the students, teachers, and several of the missionaries went along. Also there were delegations from the Wiessa School, and from the government secondary school, which is just across the canal from the college. Scarcely anything has ever made such

a deep impression upon the college as has this byso' death.

When I spoke above of the ideals of some of the Copts being similar to those of the Mohammedans, I did not wish to cast any reflection upon the Copts, for many of them are fine Christian people. But anyone who has lived here, even as short a time as we have, can easily see the differences between the fruits of the Coptic and Protestant Mission teachings. The Coptic Church has meant much indeed for the Christianizing of Egypt. Doubtless you know there was a time in the history of Egypt when this country was as much Christian as it is to-day Mohammedan. The Copts have a tradition which claims that their Church was established by the Apostle Mark himself, and they claim Mark as their first Patriarch. The oldest Coptic or Christian Church in Egypt is called "The Church of Mary," and it stands in Old Cairo, over a grotto or cave which they claim sheltered the holy family when Joseph and Mary escaped from Herod into Egypt with the infant Christ. In some ways the Coptic Church is a good deal like the Roman Catholic Church, in that it worships saints and martyrs and even their bones. The Coptic Churches seem to be free from images with candles burning before them, but they do have biblical scenes pictured on the walls, and they do make a good deal of the Virgin Mary in their worship. At least the Mohammedans claim that the Copts have three gods, one of whom is a woman. During the first Christian century there were just a few converts in Alexandria, but by the end of that first century there was established there a catechetical school. As Christianity grew, pagan emperors tried to stamp it out by persecution, but instead of dying it seemed to

thrive under this persecution, and during the seventh century Christianity was recognized as the national Church, numbering from five to eight millions of people.

The Coptic Church is ruled by a Patriarch who claims to be a direct successor to St. Mark. Each Patriarch is appointed by his predecessor, or by the monks of the Monastery of St. Anthony, which lies out in the Eastern Desert. The present Patriarch, Cyrill V, is a feeble old man who is ninety-eight years of age. He is the one hundred and twelfth occupant of the patriarchal throne, if we count St. Mark as the first. Dr. R. S. McClenahan says that "this present Patriarch is an intensively conservative autocrat, and that he has fought any departure from the traditions for half a century." One can easily imagine that a man nearly a hundred years old has not had many bright new ideas for some time. This Patriarch not only rules the Coptic Church of Egypt with an iron hand, but he also nominates the Metropolitan of Abyssinia. As the Patricarch rules for life there is not much chance for things to change while he is living. Under him there are twelve bishops, and beneath them are archpriests, priests, deacons, monks, and nuns, whose rules are sometimes pretty strict. The deacons are often just small boys, and their work is to help with the chanting. The priests, of whom there are now about a thousand in Egypt, can be married before their ordination, but this of course keeps them from rising to the highest place, as celibacy is one requirement for that, though it is not universally practiced. Revenues come from Church property, but as the priest's pay is small, they often engage in some sort of secular work to help make a living. Dr. Charles Watson says that "the great majority of the Copts are addicted

to the common sins of the nation—lying, swearing, and lack of honesty. Drunkenness and immorality are not punished by the clergy, who are often guilty of the same sins." Another writer says: "The clergy have little education theologically, and morally and spiritually are not respected." Dr. McClenahan says, "The clergy have for centuries been recruited from the inferior levels of the Coptic communities and too often intentionally, on the part of both Moslem and Coptic higher officials from those who have little or no talent for influence and helpful leadership. No well-to-do or influential Coptic family has in modern times, and probably for many centuries, even considered having one of its sons enter the ministry."

Things must have been different though, in the early days, for in the fourth century, the Copts proved themselves worthy of the leadership of the Master himself, when the mad Diocletian tried to stamp out Christianity in Egypt by persecution. This insane old emperor thought that he could get rid of Christianity by demolishing all the churches and burning all the religious books. He put all the ruling Christians out of office, and he made slaves of all the poor ones. Torture seemed to be the old boy's middle name. For years there were from ten to a hundred Christians killed every day. He had women hung by one foot. He had trees bent over and men fastened to them in such a way that when they were let loose the men were torn limb from limb. He had some people scraped with shells until they died from pain. I wonder if the devil has been clever and cruel enough to dope out any better punishment for the old emperor himself. Constantine brought relief to the

Copts from this treatment, and from then on for a while Christianity became the dominant religion.

One would have thought that having endured such persecution the Copts would have proved true to their faith, but a little later on their leaders got into a row over the trinity and the deity of Christ. After the Ecumenical Council of Nicea the Patriarch Athanasius failed to reinstate Arius, the man who caused the trouble, as a priest, and so he started the Greek Orthodox Church. To-day the two Churches seem to have forgotten their differences though, for they seem to be on pretty good terms with each other. Not only by this schism but also by another bonehead, the Copts began their own downfall. A little later on, the Copts, who were then dominant, invited the Moslem Arabs to come in and help them overthrow their Byzantine rulers. These Moslems, though, soon turned traitors to their host, and became even more cruel overlords. For many, many years there resulted a series of invasions of Egypt by Moslems, and from that time on, the middle of the seventh century, the Moslems have been rulers of Egypt. The Copts, who then numbered from five to eight millions, have gradually decreased, until now they number only from six to eight hundred thousand.

Some of the Moslem rulers proved almost as cruel, at times, as did the old pagan emperors. Sometimes the Copts were openly slain or sold into captivity. Sometimes special taxes were levied upon them, and often they were insulted in various ways, and they were compelled to do things which designated them as "dogs of Christians." At one time they were ordered to wear honey-colored clothes with patches which marked them.

One order was that the Copts were to use wooden stirrups, and, later on, all Christians were forbidden to ride on horses, as was permitted for the Moslems, and they either had to ride on donkeys or go afoot. One ruler ordered the Copts to put up wooden images of apes, dogs, or of the devil, over their doors. Men were made to wear women's girdles, while the women went without them. Even now the Coptic priests wear black turbans instead of white, as do the Moslems. The Copts were not allowed to show their crosses, or to carry lights in their processions in the streets. When they buried their dead they had to leave them without markers. As one can imagine a good many got cold feet and gave up Christianity and became Moslems, but enough of them stuck fast to their faith to keep the Coptic Church going.

The Mohammedan invasions, which kept up for so many years, brought a lot of Turks and Arabs into the country, and by the time Cairo was established in the tenth century, about nine-tenths of the country had become Moslem. This proportion is even greater now, for of the fourteen millions in Egypt much less than one million is Coptic. Among the poorer and more ignorant classes of both Copts and Moslems, many of the people hold similar superstitions, and from a religious point of view it is hard to tell whether the Moslems have taken over more of the Christian's ideas, or the Christians more of the Moslem's ideas. For instance, in the clinic one sees the children of Moslem mothers wearing Christian crosses among the other charms which the babies wear to keep away the evil eye, and the Copts refuse to eat pork about as quickly as the Moslems. As the Coptic Church lost ground, and as its members became

12. "This big bridge and dam crosses the Nile a little way from the college." Page 73.

fewer in numbers, the Church became more and more formal and less spiritual. The people took on more of the evil ways of their neighbors, and as there was little good to be found in the Moslem religion, they gradually fell down toward the Moslem level instead of drawing their Moslem neighbors up to their level. It seems a wonder to me that the Church was able to exist at all, but being a part of the Church of Christ, I suppose it had that divine spark in it which has made it a wonderful witness in the midst of so much darkness.

One Sabbath morning, not long ago, I went with Gassis Jayyed, the hospital pastor, for services in a village several miles up the valley from Assiout. We went as far as possible in one of the hospital cars, and walked the rest of the way. On our way back we passed a Coptic church, and Mr. Jayyed asked if I wanted to go in and see it. At first I hesitated for a moment, knowing that often churches and other buildings which have been standing vacant for a week are infested with fleas, but when I learned that there had been a meeting there that morning I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the place. Sometimes in the villages they drive sheep through the church before a meeting in order to gather up the fleas. Although the meeting was over and the people had all gone, we found one of the priests, and so I got a little inkling of things. We were taken into the Holy of Holies where the altar was kept, but before going in, we were asked to remove our shoes, just as one would be required to do if entering a Mohammedan mosque. Both the altar and the altar room were about as dirty and dusty as could be, and the place seemed neither holy nor wholesome to me. In the back of the church was a shallow, muddy old well,

which the priest told us was sacred. Its water was supposed to have the power of healing, but it looked to me more likely to be the means of producing than of curing sickness. The church was built mostly underground, but from what I could learn this had no special significance. There are places, though, as the underground catacombs in Alexandria, where, I understand, the Christians actually worshiped in hiding during the days of persecution. The priest seemed to be a friendly, kindly gentleman, and was very talkative, and I, being full of curiosity, asked him a lot of questions. The rosary which he carried contained thirty-three beads, which is the number found in all Coptic rosaries. Just as we were leaving, the priest gave me a little cake or loaf of bread with a Coptic cross stamped upon it. This I considered as a mark of honor and respect, for I am sure he would never have given it to anyone who was not a Christian.

In Egypt we have three hundred and sixty-five days a year, as is common in America, but instead of celebrating six or seven national holidays as we do there, here we have them without number. The Western Christmas which we observe, the Coptic Christmas, and Mohammed's birthday which is the Moslem's corresponding day, all come at different times of the year. The Moslems have their feast days and special celebrations, the Copts have their religious festivals, and then there are the national Egyptian holidays as well as the British bank holidays. Besides this the French, Italians, Greeks, and Armenians, all have days which are marked by red letters on their calendars. It is not surprising, then, that one gets in the habit of sending a servant to find out if the bank is open before chancing a trip

there for business. The priest told us that the Coptic people have not only their share of feasts and festivals, but also a great amount of fasting, which they deem as grounds for pardon and as a necessary means of salvation. Almost seven months of the year are spent in different fasts. Their spring fast, which corresponds to forty days Lent in some of the other Churches, stretches out for fifty-five days. They also observe the fast of the Nativity, the Apostles, the Virgin, and Jonah, as well as others. Their fasts consist in abstinence from only certain foods such as meat, milk, and butter. Every day during these fasts they have services in their churches.

A few weeks ago Vera and I had an invitation to a Coptic wedding, which we attended, and there we saw a bishop and an archpriest all dolled up in their regalia like pictures of Moses and Aaron. The bishop had gold-embroidered robes, and a jeweled cross which would have made a peach of a souvenir. The service was all in Coptic, and so I doubt if the poor bride and groom got much more of what was said than we did. Following the marriage ceremony, the men were ushered into what I suppose was the dining room, while the women were taken to quarters upstairs. In our respective places we were served to a sumptuous banquet. Long tables were placed end to end, and stacked with all kinds of the most delicious food. Literally there was not room for another dish on the table. The dinner, worthy of a king's palace, was served buffet style, the guests all standing up and each reaching for what he pleased. There were whole turkeys roasted to a delicious brown, stuffed pigeons, broiled chops, salads, puddings, and pastries, all excellently prepared, but heaped in pro-

miscuous profusion. Never have I seen so much good food in one pile before. Following the dinner, and greetings with friends whom I knew, I did not see the bride and groom. There was nothing to indicate that the guests indulged in our barbarous customs of a charivari, or the throwing of old shoes and rice at the newly weds. An Egyptian friend, in very modest circumstances, told me that his engagement and wedding feasts cost him a sum equalling two hundred pounds Egyptian, or a thousand American dollars. He confessed this was done only in accordance with custom and for show, for he had had very little left with which to start housekeeping. With Egyptian Christians, both Coptic and Protestant, the announcement of the engagement is a public betrothal, almost as important and sacred as the wedding itself. Possibly because of the sacredness in which marriage is held, divorce is almost unknown among the Copts, and I have heard that certain parties desiring such a decree and unable to obtain it through their own Church, accomplished their wish only by turning Moslem. In fact, the loose moral code of Mohammedanism is one great factor which causes nominal Christians to turn Moslem in Egypt.

So far, Vera and I have not had an opportunity to visit a Coptic service, but recently I had a letter from a tourist friend who visited such a service in Cairo, and as he gave an excellent description I would like to share parts of his letter with you. He said: "We have been very much interested in the Coptic Church and went to one of their services yesterday. We were very cordially received and shown up to a point of honor on the platform with a side view of the altar. The Liturgy is in the old Coptic language. We were given a prayer

book. It had the Coptic in one column and the Arabic in a parallel column. The Coptic characters are for the most part Greek, and so it was not difficult to follow the service, and to understand quite a bit of it, as a great many Greek words were recognizable. There was quite a bit of chanting and incense slinging, etc. The Coptic Gospels were opened, and the men marched around the altar while clouds of incense were thrown over them, and a solemn exhortation to hear the gospel was spoken. But when it came time for the sermon, the priest stood up before the people with not so much as a pulpit before him, opened a copy of the Arabic New Testament, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, read a passage, and then expounded it with a directness of manner and a freedom and spontaneity which left nothing to be desired. Of course, we could not understand enough to judge as to the trend of his discourse, but so far as the facial expressions of the speaker and the audience betrayed its nature, we imagined that it was both serious and convincing.

"After the sermon came the celebration of the Eucharist, and this frankly savored somewhat of the magical. The altar contained a big round thick cake of bread, similar to the bread the Egyptians eat, and a silver cup of wine inside a box covered with biblical paintings. The whole was covered with several napkins and table cloths. The priest sang the accustomed liturgy, taking off one napkin after another until the bread was exposed, and with a growing wave of emotion the Lord's presence declared to be in it. Then everybody rose from his knees and shook hands with his nearest neighbor. The priest then went on to consecrate the wine but without taking it out of the box where it

stood. Then he broke the bread and partook of it. The men communicants came to the altar in their stocking feet, having removed their shoes, and, taking a special napkin, passed around in order three times. Each time, the priest put the bread into their mouths and they put the napkins over their mouths until they had swallowed the bread. The women communicants stood by a railing to the left of the altar and were served there by the priest in the same way. After the bread, the wine was administered with a sort of ladle with which it was dipped out of the cup. Each communicant was given the wine three times also. (Baptism is administered by immersion to infants, who are also dipped into the font three times, once in the name of the Father, again in the name of the Son, and the third time in the name of the Holy Ghost.) When all had been served the priest ate up all the bread that had been left over, then carefully washed the plate and drank the dish water. He also carried out the same ceremony in regard to the cup, to the end I suppose, that no part of the Lord's body or blood should be possibly desecrated. When this was accomplished, the service came to an end. Everybody arose and greeted everybody else and gradually began to leave the church.

"Most of the men wore European clothing, but kept their fezes or tarbooshes on during the service. Perhaps a tenth wore the long, flowing robes of the Arabs, and another tenth were entirely Europeanized even to the extent of wearing hats and entering the church bareheaded. The women were all unveiled, half of them bob haired, and nearly all of them dressed in accordance with the lastest dictates of fashion. Two-thirds of the church were reserved for the men and one-third for the

women, but in point of numbers they were about equal. Though seated apart, there was no screen between them. A man passed the plate for the offerings of the men, and a woman received those of the women. The worshipers were not very punctual about arriving. The service lasted about three hours, but it was not until the last hour that the majority arrived. A few prostrated themselves on the ground and hit head and hands three times before taking their places, but most simply made the sign of the cross as they took their seats. During most of the liturgy the worshipers conversed quite freely with one another, and there was even a bit of giggling among the women. On the whole, however, I was much more favorably impressed than I had imagined I would be, from what I had read of the Coptic ceremonies. In most of the matters where we have to take issue with Rome, we find the Copts a good deal nearer to evangelical Christianity than to Rome, and it seems that evangelical missions have been very helpful to the Coptic Church in awakening a desire for a more spiritual interpretation of Christianity and less emphasis on forms and ceremonies."

It seems to me that my friend has given a rather vivid description of the service which he attended, and I judge that what he said of the forms of worship would be true in any part of Egypt. But outside of Cairo and Alexandria one would not find such an ultra-modern audience as he has described. On the contrary, in the villages his figures would be reversed, and instead of ninety per cent of the men being Europeanized, about that proportion would be dressed in the flowing robes and the true old-style Egyptian dress, and none of the women would be bob haired, and few would be without veils.

Also what he said in regard to the priest's exhortation and sermon would not have been true of any Coptic service a few years back. Neither would he have found a decade or so ago the liberal parallel translations of the liturgy in the Arabic. From what I have heard and read it seems as if the priests only read an occasional homily, and either they did not know how to, or they did not care to, instruct the people in the Scriptures. Dr. Alexander says: "Their services used to be in a dead language, making for a dead Church." Another writer, speaking of the Coptic Church a few years ago, says: "The priests can read Coptic, but cannot understand it. They generally know nothing of the Bible but a few psalms and the Gospels. Their morals are no better than their theology, and they are full of swindling and lying." That seems like a pretty harsh accusation, and I believe would have to be modified if written to-day, but it is true as this same writer goes on to say "that their services have been mean, unimpressive, monotonous, and without dignity." The people having no Bible, no preachers, and no teachers, became corrupt in doctrine and dead spiritually. As the Church made no new disciples, and as the priests did not educate and train their own followers, things have gone on throughout all these centuries disintegrating more and more, and their sect has sunk deeper and deeper into formalism and ritualism. Of course it is true that the Copts, being so greatly outnumbered by the Moslems, have a feeling of subserviency toward their oppressors, and the worldly and material influences of Islam have drawn many away. One modern student of the situation to-day says "that from five to six hundred Copts are being lost

each year to the Mohammedan religion, and probably as many more go over to the Catholic Church."

In the early days of our work, the missionaries not only found that the Coptic Church had sunk so low that it had to reach up to touch bottom, morally and spiritually, but also that it was in direct opposition to the work of any other Christian Church. In fact, the Copts hated the Evangelical Protestants about as much or more than they hated the Moslems. There are a good many instances on record of Coptic priests and bishops openly opposing the work of the missionaries by threatening excommunication to any of their people attending our schools or services. In one instance they cocked up a scheme to railroad a saintly old man named Fam, who was a leader in the Evangelical Church, by having the Moslem courts banish him to the White Nile. Banishment to the White Nile in those days meant almost certain death. Fam was dishonestly charged by his persecutors with misconduct as a public official, though the people of his village, both Moslem and Christian, loved him and knew that he had an absolutely clean record. Fortunately Fam was saved from such a fate as had been purposed for him by the Coptic hierarchy, but only after the hardest kind of a fight to defeat its evil machinations.

The Copts not only did not give the Bible to the people themselves, but they were against anyone else doing it, and for a long time after Protestant Evangelical Christian Missions were started in Egypt, the Copts proved about as much of an obstacle as did the Moslems, who in turn were their oppressors. It seems strange that this Church, which in its early history had suffered so much for the cause of Christ and which had shed so

much blood, and endured such cruel persecutions in order that the name of Christ should live, should in turn prove to be the very obstacle which blocked the witness of that same Christ by its formality, ritualism, dead language, jealousy of other Christian sects, and lack of the very spirit of Christ himself. Truly it does seem as if the Coptic Church, in its early days, did grasp and realize the promise of Isaiah, that "The Lord should be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians should know the Lord," but throughout these later centuries the Coptic Church has *Repudiated* that *Promise* by not giving to the people of Egypt the open Bible. The Coptic Church, the Church which bears the mark of the persecutions of the early Christians of Egypt, the Church which has suffered so much in holding its faith against its oppressors, and yet which has drifted so far from the spirit of the Master himself, has failed in its mission of bringing the *Promised Blessing*, the knowledge of the Lord, to Egypt.

But the hopeful thing about the whole business is that during the last few years there has been a decided attempt at reform in the Coptic Church. Although the present Patriarch is so old and so ultra-conservative, and has for so long fought against upsetting the ancient traditions, he has at last had to yield to the laymen who demand preaching and instruction. During the last generation or two there has been a good deal of progress. There used to be practically no preaching, but now, as indicated by my tourist friend, there is a good deal of preaching and teaching. Practically every day, I pass on the streets here a pleasant-faced gentleman, in European clothes, who always greets me with a smile, who, I have been told, is a Coptic lay preacher. Also

on our street I frequently see an old priest with the most intelligent, kindly face, carrying a black ebony staff about as high as his chin, who nods to me when we pass. As Americans are about as common in an Upper Egyptian town as Chinese laundrymen are at home, they cannot help but know I belong to the American Mission, and from their friendly nods I am sure they hold no more grudge against me than I against them. During these later years the priests and officials of the Coptic Church, have demonstrated a decidedly kindly attitude toward the leaders of other religious sects. Mr. Fairman and others of our Mission, have preached in the Coptic Church, a thing unheard of in earlier days. A men's league, in some respects similar to our laymen's organization, has been started in the Coptic Church. There also exists now a Young People's Society, and Sabbath school work. Botros Abd El Malek, Archbishop of the Cathedral and President of the Holy Synod, and special deputy of the Patriarch, gave Mr. W. W. Peet, a visitor who had an interview with him, a copy of his Sunday school leaves which are prepared in Cairo and sent each month to different parts of the country. In regard to this reform movement, Mr. Peet also learned that "there are special committees in the provinces to prosecute this work of Bible study, and great pains are taken to induce the people to avail themselves of such educational advantages as are now offered both by native and foreign schools. These schools of higher education, many of which are conducted by foreigners, Americans among the rest, are sending back into the old communities, year by year, a large number of well-educated young people." Mr. Peet also learned from the Archbishop himself, that he conducts Bible lessons in the

public government schools with the full consent of the Egyptian government.

You know our Mission has long recognized the value of an educated, trained leadership, and it seems as if the Coptic Church is now following suit. Prof. Habib Gorgis, who is principal of the Coptic School of Religion in Cairo, is the leader in this attempt to raise the standards of their clergy. In this school, which uses Arabic, the language of the people, instead of the Old Coptic, which no one undertands, there are twelve instructors, and ninety-five students, and it is estimated that this school will be able to equip a score or more of young priests every year to become the spiritual and intellectual leaders of the people. Their hope for a regenerated Church is based upon this educated leadership. As the Copts form the largest individual Christian body in Egypt there is much to be hoped for from this reform movement. Not only is this reform being carried on by the clergy, but also it is being urged and pushed by many of the intelligent, zealous laymen who wish to see their Church reinstated in the family of Christian organizations which are bringing about the evangelization of Egypt, and who wish to see their Church endowed with the old power which it enjoyed in the early days of persecution. In our weekly station prayer meetings there is often present a young attorney, a friend of Dr. Fareed Gindy, who is a Copt, who is loath to give up his connection with his own Church, but who is in full sympathy with our Mission work. This man, as do many of his fellows, believes that the Coptic Church can and will be reformed, and that it will be an instrument used of God to bring to Egypt a knowledge of the true way of life. If my memory serves me right, there

is something in the Bible about God being better satisfied with obedience than with sacrifice. It seems as if the Coptic Church, which has sacrificed so much throughout all these past centuries, through martyrdom, persecution, and bloodshed, has been a long time in grasping the point of the Master's command, to preach the gospel to every creature. Personally, I am mighty glad that this Church is at last becoming truly evangelical in its motives. If our Mission work had done nothing else in all these seventy years of its existence than to reawaken the Coptic Church, I think it would have been well worth while. It seems proper and fitting that the Coptic Church, above all others, should share largely in the fruits of the *Promised Blessing* of bringing the knowledge of the Lord to Egypt.

Well, I see that it is now well after midnight, and as I have to help Dr. Finley with an operation in the morning, I think I had better allow the matter of the Copts to rest for this time. We all join in sending love to you,

As ever, HOWARD.

THE PROMISE FALSIFIED

Beginning with the seventh century, Saracen invasions have inundated the Valley of the Nile, supplanting the Cross by the Crescent. Islam makes of God a mockery; of women, slaves; of believers, hopeless fatalists; and of heretics, victims of the sword. The Prophet of Arabia, through his plagiarized faith, has brought a curse instead of a blessing to every land which it has influenced throughout the past thirteen hundred years. Islam has Falsified the Promise.

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ASSIOUT, UPPER EGYPT, May 3, 192–.

DEAREST MOTHER:

You will remember that in one of my letters from Cairo, I told you something of our work in the Study Center in the American University. One of the most interesting phases of our study there was a course of Islamics, under Dr. Samuel Zwemer, the noted traveler and writer on Moslem problems. When we took up the study of Islamics I knew so little of the subject that many common, but nevertheless interesting, things escaped my notice. These two years in Egypt have not only given me a little acquaintance with the interesting and fascinating people of this wonderful old land, but also I have learned a little of the most interesting and fascinating power in the religious world, outside of Christianity. In a land where a national religion exists, where men pray on the streets and in public places, and where half the boys, more or less, are named after one prophet, it is not strange that religion should play a prominent part in the life of the people. You will not mind if I devote this letter to telling you something of Mohammed, of his religion, and of some of the interesting things we see about us from day to day.

There are five principal pillars of faith in the Mohammedan religion—namely, the statement of the true faith, the daily repetition of prayers, the keeping of the fast of the month of Ramadan, the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the giving of alms, or the payment of the charitable tax. The first of these, the statement of the true faith, is deemed the most important. This consists of the repetition of Mohammed's creed, "God is God, and

Mohammed is his prophet," said to be the shortest creed in the world, and yet the most often repeated, and having more power over those who say it than any other religious creed in the world. The public repetition of this creed three times makes one a Mohammedan. When Mohammed captured Mecca, he sent his big black slave to the housetop to call out for the first time: "*La illah il' Allah, Mohammed rasoul allahu*" (God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet). Mohammed died ten years after the hejira, or flight from Mecca, and it is astonishing that a quarter of a century after his death his followers ruled Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Babylonia, and Persia. A few years later his name, as the prophet of God, was being called from ten thousand minarets, and his religion was sweeping through Africa, Asia, and Europe. To-day the Mohammedan religion, numerically, stands next to the Christian religion, numbering approximately one-seventh of the earth's population, or more than two hundred and thirty million. To-day this call to prayer is given five times daily from the Pacific around the world to the Atlantic. Every tenth person on the continent of Africa is a Moslem, yet there are more Moslems in India than in all of Africa. It is suprising that there are thirty thousand Moslems in France. Even in our own United States there have been attempts to establish the Mohammedan religion. A few years ago a mosque was started in Detroit, but as things didn't flourish there the Indian maulvie who was the leader of the sect transferred his efforts to Chicago. The very year I went to Egypt as a Christian missionary, this follower of Mohammed started his missionary efforts in Chicago, less than two miles from where I attended medical school.

14. "The muezzin gives the call to the faithful to come to prayer." Page 97.

In Egypt each mosque has a tall tower or minaret, from which the muezzin, or crier, gives the call five times a day, to the faithful to come to prayer. The morning prayer comes at sunrise. No tardiness is permitted, as this first prayer must be at this particular hour. Often when I have been awakened at dawn by this call I have wondered how many Christians would be faithful enough to answer it promptly. The second call comes at high noon, and the others come at two hours before sunset, at sunset, and two hours after sunset. A good many Mohammedans do miss the early morning prayer, and nowadays many Moslems who claim to be faithful only pray during the month of Ramadan. Few, if any, of the women pray. Mohammedan law requires that before praying one should wash, with water, or, if in the desert, with clean sand his hands, feet, face, mouth, and nostrils. Another requirement is that during prayer one must always face Mecca. The old sheik with whom I read Arabic carries a little compass in order that he shall not miss his directions. The older and more faithful class of Moslems answer the call to prayer wherever they chance to be. It is a most common sight to see men stop work in the fields, wash, and pray. One sees this often in the cities, in public places, and even on the streets, or on the railroad platforms. But one so seldom sees an effendi, or one of the young educated class, pray in public, that when it does occur it attracts attention. I remember one time how interested I was in seeing a young man, in European clothing, wash at a hydrant on a station platform, remove his overcoat and lay it on the ground for a prayer rug, and, turning toward the east, go through the customary genuflections of Moslem prayer. Mohammedan

prayer does not engender a personal relation between God and the suppliant, but instead is more or less a monotonous repetition of the first chapter of the Koran, and other passages, and if one is faithful in repeating these five times a day he will have said the same forms over about seventy-five times in a day. As Mohammedan prayers are said only in Arabic, and as the religion is so widely spread in countries where Arabic is not understood, and as so many of the peoples of these countries are ignorant and illiterate, three-fourths of the Mohammedan people in the world say their prayers in an unknown tongue.

Just now we are in the midst of the fast of Ramadan. To you the word Ramadan may be just another word to look up in the dictionary, but to us who are just living through it again, it is something more than a lexicographer's word. Ramadan is the great Moslem fast month, climaxed by their greatest feast of the year. Being a lunar date, determined by a certain set new moon, it takes thirty-three years for it to go around the year. Now for a few years it falls in the midst of summer. For a month the Moslems keep their fast from the first gray streak of dawn until the setting of the sun. Dawn is determined by the time one can distinguish the difference between a black and a white thread, and sunset is publicly announced by the booming of cannon. This means that for about fifteen of the twenty-four hours of each of these burning, hot summer days, millions upon millions of people do not eat or drink, and at this time of the year this is an extreme hardship, for the burning rays of a tropical summer sun create a thirst which is almost torture. Although no eating or drinking is done through the day, feasting and carousing

are carried on all night, and it is estimated on good authority that more money is actually spent for food during Ramadan than during any other month of the year. How thinking men can believe that the keeping of such a fast can either please or appease God is more than I can understand. Abdu, our cook, and Mohammed, our suffragi (table waiter), have been religiously keeping the fast this past month. We wouldn't mind their fasting if that were all there was to it, but they feast all night and lose so much sleep that, added to the torture of not even tasting food or water through the day, they become so stupid and cross at the end of the month that there is practically no living with them. Three times a day they prepare and serve us food and drink, and yet do not even taste a thing themselves until evening. Before supper time Abdu prepares a big bowl of salad of onions and cucumbers, and he cooks a dish of meat and rice, and just about sunset he sends Mohammed out to the front verandah to listen for the gun which is shot off to officially indicate that the fast is over for that day. Then Abdu stands with a gullah (earthen bottle) of water, waiting for Mohammed to come racing back to notify him that the cannon has sounded. Then Abdu takes a long drink and hands the bottle to Mohammed, and they sit down to eat. After the day's work is finished the two of them go off to market, and there they spend the night at a coffee house, eating, drinking, and smoking, to return for a little sleep before time to begin getting our breakfast.

We have our English Church service at six-thirty, Sabbath evenings, in the chapel at the school. Last week Dr. Phillips conducted the service. He announced

the opening number, reading the first stanza, which began, "My heart was glad to hear the joyful sound," just as the cannon boomed on the square a block away. Vera gave me a dig in the ribs, and silently we smiled, knowing that for millions of Mohammedans the boom of that cannon was a joyful sound. We were disappointed though, that the coincidence did not seem to register upon the rest of the congregation, for on looking around we saw that every one else was starting to stolidly sing their joyful song.

If all the Mohammedans kept Ramadan as religiously as do Abdu and Mohammed and those in their station of life, one could have some respect for their sincerity, but I fear a good many of the more intelligent are not so faithful in winning virtue by sacrifice. For a while I have been going out on my bicycle to a government ophthalmological hospital for some work with one of the doctors there. The doctor in charge of the hospital is a brilliant young Mohammedan man who studied in Kasr el Eini medical school in Cairo, and who has risen rapidly in the service. The government has a good ophthalmological hospital in each province, and some two or three of these extra traveling units which do the same work in tents. Each morning clinics are held, and necessary operating work is done. The other day when I was out, this doctor had just finished a long morning's work and no doubt was tired. When we went to the little tent which was his office, and where he made out his reports, I was surprised to have him offer me a cigarette and coffee. I refused, telling him I was just going home to dinner, and asked if he were not keeping Ramadan. He looked at me a second and said: "Yes, but God is merciful, and I believe would not care if I

ate a little after the work I have been doing for the suffering this morning." He said, that at home he would not think of eating or drinking before his family, but here he did not mind breaking over just a little. I acknowledged that God was merciful, but I knew that mercy was not one of the attributes of God taught by his religion. He would have condemned me for having broken over in my religious principles, but he seemed to think little of the matter himself.

To the clinics of these government hospitals, as well as to our own free clinics, there come the most motley crowds of the poorest classes of people. The last time I was out at the government hospital my friend gave me the most miserable specimen of humanity to operate upon which I have ever touched. This was an old beggar who wore a one-piece garment made of the coarsest kind of cotton material. He was penniless and almost blind with trachoma. When he climbed upon the operating table and the tamargi (male nurse) placed the sterile sheet over his body, I saw that he was crawling with vermin. You can imagine it was hard to concentrate my mind upon the delicate work in hand. This fellow represents a large class of people who pretend to do no work and who eke out their miserable existence by begging alms. One of the requirements of the Mohammedan religion is the payment of the charitable tax, or the giving of alms, which theoretically amounts to one-fortieth of their incomes. In Egypt, begging is a comparatively lucrative profession, as here wages for labor are so low, and as food is plentiful. Egypt, with its rich soil and rotating crops, has no famines as we hear of in China and India. Among babies and little children there is a lot of rickets,

malnutrition, and actual starvation, but this is due to neglect, ignorance, and improper food, and not to the lack of food. Often in the clinic I have seen children less than a year old, gnawing at cucumbers or green dates. Another child, three or four years old, may be tugging at its mother's breast, while she holds an infant in her arms. How we all hope that Dr. Carrie Buchanan's child welfare clinics will succeed. As the giving of alms is deemed a virtue in the Moslem religion, beggars always are sure of enough to eat. Although this is true, Mohammedanism has never cared adequately for its weak and crippled. Until the British began to manage affairs here there were no humane asylums. Even yet the blind, deaf, dumb, and orphans have practically no government care. Until the impress of Western Christian civilization was felt, there was nothing to indicate that Mohammedanism cared for the needy. Now, though, there are good general and ophthalmological hospitals in each of the fourteen provinces, and an insane hospital in Cairo. Rapid advancement is being made along these lines, but it is not due to anything taught by the Koran, for according to its teachings, mercy and kindness are not attributes of God, but things to be scorned.

Last, but not least, in the essentials of faith in the Mohammedan creed is the making of the pilgrimage to Mecca. Every Moslem is expected to make this trip unless prevented by ill health or poverty. Fewer women than men make the trip, and wisely so, for Mecca and Medina, the holy cities, are said to be "hotbeds of immorality, and sink holes of iniquity and robbers." Each year about two hundred thousand pilgrims go to Mecca, and in former years from a third

to a half this number were all that went. It is easy to estimate that at this rate, only a small fraction of the two hundred and thirty millions of Moslems make the sacred journey during the lifetime of a generation, although it is encumbent upon good Moslems to go. If the other essentials of the faith are observed accordingly, the followers of Mohammed could hardly be called the faithful. Each year Egypt sends an official government deputation with the Kiswa, or Holy carpet, which is used to cover the Kaaba, the sacred black stone in Mecca. This is accompanied by gifts of grain and money. A thread from the carpet which has once covered this sacred stone, if worn as a charm will prevent almost any imagined evil.

Last month, when on a village trip with Dr. Whitcomb to see a patient who was dying of typhoid fever, I noticed some strange and crude pictures painted on the walls of one of the houses we passed. Upon inquiry, I learned that these pictures and signs indicated that the owner of the house had recently made the pilgrimage to Mecca. This man, with others of his friends, had gone by sea to Jiddah, the port for Mecca. There they met hundreds of others from India, China, Java, Sudan, Abysinnia, Turkey, and various other parts of the world. These pilgrims all made a huge caravan, going afoot toward Mecca. When they came within five miles of their destination they all stopped, washed, and prayed. At this point white, seamless garments, called the ihram, were donned and worn until the pilgrims finished their worship at Mecca. Barefooted, and bareheaded, they went on to the holy city where they kissed the Kaaba, or sacred black stone. Then they chased around this stone on a run three times, and afterwards

walked around four times. After this the pilgrims ran back and forth between the Kaaba and two holy hills, and then listened to a sermon. After they had portions of their heads shaved they were considered as holy men. They then spent the night in a holy mountain near by from which they later threw stones at three rocks in the valley below, which were supposed to be unholy. After returning from this wonderful pilgrimage, or hajj as it is called, this man has been envied by all in his village. As no Christian is ever permitted to enter Mecca, we have to rely for our information about the pilgrimage on what we can learn from those who really go there. I wonder if they tell us the whole truth.

From the above, to one who does not know much of Mohammedanism, there might seem little to be condemned about the essentials of this religion, except the necessity of stating that Mohammed is the prophet of God. But it seems to me that this is the crux of the whole matter, as anyone would agree that faithfulness in prayer, fasting, pilgrimages to sacred shrines, and the giving of alms are in themselves virtues rather than vices, but when one speaks of Mohammed as the prophet and revealer of the true God, he strikes directly at the heart of the Christian faith. Trees are known by the fruits they produce, and so a religion can be judged by the fruits it produces also. If one really wants to know what Mohammedanism is, and what it leads to, he can easily find out by observing a few things in a country like Egypt.

It seems to me that one of the worst things about the Mohammedan religion is the position in which women are held. The conversation I had the other day with my Mohammedan doctor friend at the government

ophthalmological hospital gave me a little further insight into another angle of his religion. He told me that he was to be married soon, and said that he was engaged to a first cousin. He went on to say that he knew that according to our standards of eugenics we would not marry within our relationship. I told him I knew that Egyptian people often did marry first cousins, and asked him, why he, as a physician, would do such a thing, knowing as he did the possibility of injury to his offspring. He answered: "Yes, I know, but she is the best-educated girl of my acquaintance. She can play and sing, and she has gone to school a few years." I told him, that except for my medical training, my wife had more schooling than I had, having graduated in music before she finished her college work. He answered: "Yes, but you have schools and colleges for women, and we do not." I reminded him of the American College for girls, and then said that they could send their girls to Europe for training, as they send their men abroad for advanced training, if they were not satisfied with the opportunities afforded by their own country. He looked at me rather intently and asked: "Do you mean to say that you would allow your girls to go to school in another town, away from the parental roof, or go to school in an entirely foreign land?" I answered, yes, that most of the girls who have a college education in America do go to other cities and States for their schooling. He gave me one look of disgust, flicked his cigarette, and scornfully said: "Well, with us it is different. You may not care for the morals of your girls, but we do." As he had implied that if a girl were to go out from the protection of her own home there would be nothing else but for her to become a woman of

the streets, I dropped the thing. I knew I could not argue with him as to a different standard of morality. With his background, as things existed in his country, or under the standards set up for women in any Mohammedan country, he was right. The thing simply could not be done.

Many Mohammedan men, unlike my educated, liberal-minded doctor friend, would not have chosen a girl with education for a wife. To them, ignorance would have been one more means of binding a wife in safer seclusion. Instead of culture and training, which would fit a woman to be a true companion for her husband, they would have desired a wife to be only a beautiful plaything, or a high-grade slave. Some of the Moslem women lead lives which would seem to us little better than those of prisoners. In one home where I make frequent professional calls I am always met at the door by the father, or the servant at the gate calls him. Then I am led, by the father, through the lower part of the house, and upstairs at the rear of the building, to the harem quarters where I treat his twenty-year old daughter, who at her advanced age would be considered an old maid in this country. Although the father permits me the professional privilege of seeing his daughter, it is only in his presence, and I judge because I have been duly sponsored by the older American doctors whom he thoroughly trusts. This girl never leaves her portion of the house except for an occasional ride, and then in a carriage, behind closed curtains. One day when visiting my patient, her twelve-year-old sister entered the room. A few moments' visit disclosed that she was in school, which she enjoyed very much, but within another year she was to be taken out of school

to enjoy the same seclusion experienced by her older sister. Daughters of families in lower stations of life than those of this wealthy Mohammedan bey, also sometimes endure this same seclusion. The old sheik with whom I read Arabic has a little daughter not yet twelve years old whom he has taken from school preparatory to marriage. Of course the girls of the poorer classes do not live in seclusion, as conditions require that they live more or less in the streets and fields, and it is necessary for them to help make the family living. Our washerwoman has a little daughter about ten years old whom she always brings along to help with the washing. One day Vera missed the child and, asking if she were ill, was told that she had been married.

Marriage arrangements are made by the fathers for Moslem girls when they are quite young, and such arrangements are little more than a business proposition. The girl often has to marry some one whom she does not know, whom she has not seen, and consequently does not love. In the light of what I have learned lately about Moslem marriages, I do not blame my doctor friend for marrying his talented young cousin, whom he knows and probably loves.

To-day conditions for women are rapidly changing for the better. Such instances as the isolated ones mentioned above could doubtless be multiplied many times, and I think they are fairly typical and representative of conditions in general, though of course there are many women who enjoy marked degrees of freedom. In proportion to their numbers, Christian women enjoy this new freedom in far greater measure than do their Moslem sisters. Among our personal friends there is a beautiful, bright young girl from

Cairo who has made a trip to Scotland as a representative of the Girls' College to the International W. C. T. U. Among my patients here is a young woman who is wealthy in her own name, and who has traveled extensively in Europe. These girls, as do many of the educated young women of Egypt, go unveiled and dress in the height of Parisian fashion. A strong feminist movement is headed by able leaders in Cairo. The leaders of the women's movement have succeeded in introducing, and having passed by parliament, a law which limits the age for consent of marriage of young girls to sixteen years. Recently the Egyptian government has sent deputations of Egyptian women students to England for advanced study. This is a step of which no one would have dared dream a decade ago. Although there is an attempt to give women more liberty and to do away with the veil and the restrictions which it represents, the true position of women will not be materially raised, and their rights recognized, as long as the attitude and example of Mohammed are followed instead of those of Christ, and as long as morality and chastity are negligible quantities, and marriage is not held sacred.

Speaking of Moslem women, one generally thinks of polygamy. At home one time I heard a man who had traveled as a tourist in Mohammedan countries lecture on the situation, speaking as if in Egypt all men had large harems and as if plural marriage was the common, everyday thing. Of course anyone with a grain of sense would know differently, for in all parts of the world the sexes are more or less proportioned, and there is not a preponderance of women so that each man could have from half to a dozen wives. One census a few years ago

actually showed that there were more men than women in Egypt. More than this, the economic situation would make it impossible for any but a very small percentage of the population to keep up more than one house, for many of the men who do have plural wives, especially those of the better class, keep a different establishment for each wife. The lecturer's dream of harems, full of pretty girls, was a myth. He spoke of seeing a man, one day, driving a donkey cart with some six or eight women and several children, perched cross-legged on its flat top. He told his audience that this man was giving his wives and by-products an outing. He might as well have told of seeing a school bus at home being driven by a man who was taking his twenty children out for a ride. The women whom this casual observer saw were undoubtedly from several different families, and were paying the driver for hauling them, just as they would have done on a bus at home. A man who is poor enough to earn his living by driving a donkey cart couldn't possibly afford to be wasting his time in giving one wife, let alone half a dozen, a pleasure ride; and a man who would be rich enough to support so many wives, even in moderate luxury, would more likely be rolling in a Rolls Royce than driving a donkey cart. Older missionaries, who have been here long enough to see changes which have gradually taken place, say that in comparison to the polygamy which existed in former days, we see now only the remnants of the practice, but to us who are fresh from home there are enough evidences to convince us that polygamy is still prevalent. A friend of mine who has been out here for a good many years, and who is a close observer, states that he would be slow to say that plural wives have gone out of style,

though after many years of living intimately with Egyptian people he says that he simply doesn't know, and that he has no statistics. He went on to tell me "that the man who mixed mortar at our school building in Tanta had four wives. They carried mortar and brought in a wage equal to his, one of them even a little more. I am not sure but this is a fairly common thing among the poorer people, so you see income is not the only matter that regulates it. In the case of the effendi (educated) class, where the wife or wives can be of no help in adding income, they would surely feel financial limitations, and then among the higher class it is not counted good form in these days to have more than one wife, though I fear they still have a number that they would have to class as concubines." Judging from what I have observed and heard though, I would think that to-day there is less of plural marriage than existed in former years. Although the Koran permits a man to have four wives and as many concubines as he wishes, the natural division of the sexes, the pressure of economic conditions, the impress of Western Christianity, and ideals of civilization, have done much to do away with polygamy.

In Cairo we lived in an apartment over the home of a wife of a wealthy Egyptian bey, who was a polygamist. Evidently this woman was not a favorite wife, for the bey seldom visited her. The woman had a little girl about the age of Helen Louise, and she was a sweet little thing. We never got acquainted with the woman, for she was a quiet, retiring individual, and a woman servant did her marketing. During the months we lived there, to our knowledge, she was never outside of the walled yard. Had she wished, the bowab (gate

keeper) would probably not have allowed her to pass the gate without the bey's order.

At the hospital recently, we had a funny relationship, two wives of one man and a child of a third wife. The women were getting along as amicably as sisters, and they were taking as good care of their stepchild as if it had been their own. One of the older doctors remarked on the strange circumstance, for usually when there are plural wives they quarrel and are unhappy. Although the Mohammedan religion seems to have so little regard for women, it is very stringent with a widow who falls, and so the fate of such a woman is often hard. A woman came to the hospital not long ago who gave birth to a baby which had no legitimate father. The prospective mother was afraid to stay in her own village, as she would ordinarily have done, possibly for fear of being pushed into the canal when going for water or of having poison put in her food by one of her own relatives in punishment for the disgrace which she had brought upon them. Her baby was a fine, healthy boy, just the son to delight the heart of any mother, and she named him Habeeb, the Arabic for my dear, or darling. He was a darling, the fattest, chubbiest little fellow one would wish to see. But the mother should have called the little rascal Ma-Habeeb, for that would have meant not beloved, and that would have suited him better, for had his real heritage been known he would not have been desirable to anyone.

From my experience in the clinic where I come in direct contact with so many Moslem people, I am inclined to think that the real curse of the teachings of the Koran, in regard to marriage, is not so much the practice of polygamy, but rather the awful curse of easy

divorce. You know, for any cause whatsoever, a man can divorce his wife under the Mohammedan law by repeating three times: "I divorce thee." At home we are getting pretty rotten in the matter of divorce and haven't much room to crow, for in some localities they have one divorce for every four or five marriages. But at home they require a procedure at law with some semblance of a reason for a divorce, and a woman cannot be simply dropped to give way to some younger or prettier woman who may attract her husband. Somewhere I remember reading, that "ninety-five out of every hundred of Moslem women are divorced at least once in their careers," and almost all of them without a reason which we would think justifiable. A prominent Moslem once said: "Not more than five per cent of Mohammedans in Egypt retain the first wife until the day of her death. There are many men who in the course of ten years have married as many as ten, twenty, thirty, or more wives, and women not far advanced in age who have been wives to a dozen or more men successively." When a man divorces a woman he cannot remarry her until first she has been the wife of another, but a hasty divorce is sometimes rectified by remarriage, which makes the matter little better than prostitution. One sect, the Shiah, goes this loose divorce business one better by permitting temporary marriages just for fun. I wonder if ex-Judge Lindsay's idea of companionate marriage originated from reading mission study books on Moslem lands. Sometimes a woman incurs her husband's displeasure if she has no baby boys, or, still worse, if she is childless. The other day a woman in the clinic with a fine little baby girl was crying. When I asked her what was the trouble, she

16. "A Mohammedan funeral seems so remorselessly bitter."
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answered that her husband had divorced her, and she did not have the piaster, or nickel with which to pay for her medicine. With the large amount of prostitution, the easy divorces, and the privilege of plural wives, there is very little of what we know as home life in a Moslem land. In fact the Arabic language has no word for home, the word "beit" which is commonly used, being literally translated house.

The Mohammedan's attitude toward women reflects the Moslem idea of heaven. Women have no place in heaven except as they minister to the sordid, sensual pleasures of men. Paradise is pictured as a delightful garden filled with houris. Al Ghazzali, one of the greatest Islamic theologians, claims that Mohammed said: "The believer, in Paradise, will marry five hundred houris, four thousand virgins, and eight thousand divorced women." On the contrary, in answer to the Sadducee's question, as to whose wife in heaven the woman would be who had been taken to wife by seven brothers in succession, Christ answered that the Scriptures taught: "When they rise from the dead they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven." I have heard that missionaries say that in India Mohammedans are more immoral than Hindoos, and that would be going some. With such ideals of heaven, it is not strange that the Moslem's conception of God differs markedly from ours. They think of God as being harsh, impersonal, sensuous, doing what he pleases without regard to justice. The Moslem rosary contains ninety-nine beads which stand for the names and attributes of God, many of which sound like the words of adoration and praise in our psalms, but it is interesting to note that the word

Father is not among them. The idea which Christ teaches throughout the New Testament, that God is a kind, loving, heavenly Father, interested in each one of us personally, is not only totally foreign to their idea of God, but is abhorrent to them, as they think it makes God effeminate and soft. One day when I was out riding with Mr. Fairman, one of our older missionaries, I asked why it was, since the Mohammedan religion was so rotten and sensuous, that sensuality and hardness did not show more in the faces of the men. I remarked that the countenances of some of the old sheiks were as bland and serene as a grandfather's and I wondered if the reason could be that some of the teachings of the Koran were so nearly parallel with those of our religion. He looked at me as much as to ask if I had gone daffy, and replied that it was because the Mohammedan religion made what we call sin a virtue. The wrong which they committed was done not as sin against their religious beliefs, but in the name of Allah, or God.

Old man Nietzsche, in his theory that might makes right, had nothing on the Mohammedans. The Koran specifically commands Jehad, or holy war, as a sacred duty. Mohammed promised immunity for those who died destroying heretics or unbelievers. What do you think of this quotation from the prophet, "The fire of hell shall not touch the legs of him who is covered with the dust of battle in the road of God?" The crescent, the national emblem in all Mohammedan countries, is military rather than religious, for it symbolizes conquest. Islam has always been known as the religion of the sword. History reeks with stories of massacres committed to promulgate Islam. "The slave emperor Balban once slew forty thousand Mongols, whom he

suspected of disloyalty, notwithstanding that they had professed the Moslem religion. Timur (Tamerlane) felt encumbered by a hundred thousand Hindoo prisoners and ordered them to be slain in cold blood. The Bahmanid, Mohammed I, son of Hassan Gangu, once avenged the death of his Moslem garrison, Mudkl, by the slaughter of seventy thousand men, women, and children. Such were the deeds of the proselyting sword, which was unsheathed against the unbelieving world by the mandate of the prophet." Some people claim that these are only historic events, and that now there is no danger of another holy war. But Dr. Zwemer reminds us of the Armenian massacres, and of the Mahdi rebellion in the Sudan, and throws out the warning that although the sword of Islam may now be in the sheath, it is far from being rusty. Among the Mohammedan articles of faith is the teaching that in the day of judgment, infidels, classed with blind, deaf, and dumb unfortunates, will have to creep. Those who do a few good deeds can walk, while those who are God's favorites may ride. The Koran teaches that "Allah is merciful in winking at the sins of his favorites (the prophets, and those who fight his battles), but is the quick avenger of all infidels and idolaters."

Moslems are fully as harsh with those of their own numbers who turn away from their belief as with other unbelievers. Up to the very year that our mission work started in Egypt, apostasy was punished by death, and the law which permitted that has not yet been revoked. But to-day the pressure of outside influences would prevent the open infliction of the death penalty. At Mansurah, Ralph took me one evening to visit a young Mohammedan man who was a teacher in a government

school. He was a Christian at heart, but knew if he confessed his new belief he would be persecuted. Not long ago his very life might have been in danger had friends known of his leaning toward Christianity, but now he fears more the loss of his inheritance and his position. If he could be promised work at what he considers a fair salary, he said he was ready to be baptized. Nowadays people are being given freedom of individual conscience, and Christians have been given full rights in the national assembly. Recently, on the motion of a Moslem, the senate passed that no session should be held on either Sabbath or Saturday, out of the respect for Christian and Hebrew members. Moslems used to attend Christian services in order to start arguments, and break up the meetings, but now they come in scores and hundreds to listen, and some prominent Moslems even open their homes for the preaching of the gospel. One of our Moslem patients, an important man in his own village, took ten copies of the Bible home with him to give to his friends. In fact, thousands upon thousands of copies of the Bible have been sold to Moslem inquirers.

When I was a kid, black cats, umbrellas raised in the house, broken mirrors, and Friday the 13th were jinxes which always were supposed to cause bad luck, unless one knocked on wood, but I cannot remember that they were ever mentioned in the Bible. The Koran, on the other hand, has a special chapter devoted to the discussion of Jinn, or Genii, nature spirits which are created from fire and which have the power of doing good or evil. These spirits are universally feared by orthodox Mohammedans and are blamed for all the ill luck which enters their lives. Jinn, or demons, borrowed from Arabian

heathenism, inhabit nearly everything, animate or inanimate. They are particularly busy at night, and hang around lonely places and deserted buildings. The repetition of incantations is about the only thing which will protect one from their mischief. Practically every one of the ignorant class believes in them, Copts as well as Moslems. Iblis, the devil, who conquered the Jinn, lives with them in the Mountains of Kaf, which surround the world, and from their isolated fastnesses make raids into the abodes of men. Qarina, the double, or familiar spirit, which is the cause of all jealousy and illness, is kept away by the wearing of amulets and charms. Frequently in the very neighborhood of the hospital, I have heard the wild music of the Zar, a frenzied orgy of exorcism which is indulged in as an attempt to drive out demons by dancing and spilling of the blood of a goat. The whole life of an illiterate Moslem is shadowed by superstition, and his religious belief is steeped with jinxes, hobgoblins, and ghosts. When one sees an attractive baby, instead of admiring and praising it, he must either keep silent or remark, "What a homely child," in order not to cast the evil eye upon it. Every day in the clinic I see babies loaded down with great strings of beads, amulets, and charms, many of which have cost the mother large sums of money. One favorite kind of amulet is a long strip of paper, written upon by a sheik, containing promises of immunity from all sorts of evil in the name of Mohammed. These strips are rolled up, sewn into a leather pouch, or sealed in a metal box, and hung around the kid's neck. Sometimes there are three or four of these, besides long strings of heavy beads and coins. Sometimes a charm is fastened by gum or wax, to a lock of

hair, and hangs over the forehead. In many cases these little children are half dead from improper feeding and neglect, and a little soap and water and codliver oil, mixed with intelligent care, would work more miracles than all the amulets that were ever devised.

Even many of the men are as superstitious as are the women and children. In one case of which I know, a woman had the drop on a man. There used to be an old hag who sat by the roadside out near the slaughter-house near the entrance to the Moslem cemetery. This vile old creature had a tongue as filthy as the rags which clothed her. She wore a man's tarboosh and scorned a veil. Apparently she made her living by the telling of fortunes and begging. She was known as a town character, and when she died various rumors were heard about her. Mahar, one of the hospital servants, solemnly insisted that he saw her carried directly up into heaven, and no amount of chaffing dissuaded him from this belief. If anything, the fatalism which is an integral part of the Mohammedan faith, is more spiritually and materially deadening than the gross superstition. Everything which happens in one's life is determined by Allah before the day of one's birth, and this is no mere Presbyterian idea of foreordination. Often mothers bring their babies to the clinic with their eyes swollen shut with pus. When the eyes are opened and cleaned, one is sometimes rewarded by finding the cornea entirely sloughed away. More than once I have turned to the mother on such an occasion and asked, half in anger, and half in despair, why she had not brought her baby to me earlier. With a shrug of her shoulders, she would answer, "Maleesh (never mind),

it is the will of Allah," with an air which indicated that as far as she was concerned that ended the matter.

Perhaps it is this fatalism carried to the extreme which holds no hope of redemption which always makes a Mohammedan funeral seem so remorselessly bitter. When death comes, it is always heralded by wailing which curdles one's blood. And as if the screams of the women relatives, who tear their hair and beat their breasts, were not enough to indicate grief, professional wailers are employed to make things more hideous. Dishes are broken, furniture smashed, and everything thrown into a state of chaos and all is characterized by uncontrollable grief and utter despair. As the body is carried in a box on the shoulders of men through the streets out to the foot of the mountain to the city of the dead the chanting from the Koran sounds like a dirge. The dead man's turban surmounting a post on the coffin, the dishevelled, tear-stained women who follow in the train of the procession, and the utter desolation of the wrecked home, leave an impression of despair which is in strong contrast to the paradise Mohammed promised to the faithful.

The Koran not only encourages superstition by teaching of Jinn, but it also pits its influence against modern progress and science. Until Western standards of education were adopted in late years by the government, the school system of Egypt, limited to a small percentage of boys only, consisted in the study of the Koran. Teachers, lawyers, and theologians were all trained in the same school. Beginning with the kutab, or primary school, which is found in every village, the system culminates in graduation from the Azhar, the great Moslem University in Cairo. The Azhar has existed for nearly

a thousand years and has long been known as the greatest center of Moslem learning. In 1912 it had nearly fifteen thousand students, gathered in from all parts of the Islamic world, and a faculty of nearly six hundred teachers. It takes seventeen years to complete the curriculum and to gain the diploma of learning. The preparatory subjects consist of Arabic rhetoric, grammar, poetry, and mathematics. The professional studies are theology, law, explanation of the Koran, and the traditions. History and geography are optional, but when taught are narrowly restricted subjects. Recently, on account of strikes among the students, and political unrest, the authorities decided to distribute their students in different parts of the country. One of these branches of the Azhar has just been opened in Assiout, less than three blocks from the hospital, and one of my friends took me to visit the school. When we entered the door we removed our shoes, giving them to an attendant, who exchanged them for slippers, which we donned. The students sat on the floor, scattered about in small groups. Much of their work consists in memorizing the Koran, and some of the students swayed back and forth in rhythm, as they chanted the passages being memorized. We were told that as a modern innovation, science and chemistry are being taught, but when we asked to see the laboratory we were politely informed that the door was locked, and it was not possible then to procure the key. This excuse struck me as significant, for Dr. Hickman, of our Mission College, would be only too glad to show his laboratories and methods of demonstrating scientific truth to any guest. Although the learned men are proud of the richness of the Arabic language, we find it almost

devoid of scientific words. For example, the word waboor, which is commonly used, means anything from a small stove to an ocean-going steamship. The word mechana, which is corrupted from English, stands for anything from a safety razor to a sewing machine. Before we left, we climbed the minaret, from which the daily calls to prayer are given, and had a view of the beautiful valley, the flat-roofed town, the minarets of a score or more of other mosques, and of Joseph's granaries, or caves in the summit of the distant mountains which lie behind the city. Not only was I, a heretic and unbeliever, most courteously received and treated in this mosque, but I understand that some inquiring students, in the very confines of the Azhar, read portions of our Bible between their Islamic classes.

One student of the Moslem situation thinks a whole library would be insufficient to tell of the mystery of Mohammed and the phenomenal spread of his religion. But after all has been said, it seems to me, the secret of the whole matter lies in the character of this man and the thing which he taught. Although he was born of the priestly caste of ancient Medina, he was an ignorant, untutored orphan boy. At the age of twenty-five, when a camel driver, he married his employer, Kadija, a woman of forty. As long as she lived, she managed him as strictly as he had managed her camels and her business affairs. When she died, her wealth enabled him to prove the kind of man he really was. Immediately he began to build up a harem of eleven wives and two concubines, but he overlooked the fact that thirteen was an unlucky number, for they later gave him plenty of trouble. He had some sort of illness

which made him fall into fits like an epileptic, and during these seizures he claimed to have visions from God. At forty he began to concoct the Koran from his knowledge of ancient Arabian paganism, the Hebrew Scriptures, and what little he knew of Christianity. He plagiarized anything and everything of which he knew, and into this meaningless hodge-podge of religious phraseology he wove his own corrupt and rotten ideals of life. Every time he desired a new wife, or wished to do something wrong, which did not conform to his already stated religious beliefs, he claimed to have a brand-new vision from God, which gave him special permission. This was easy to do as his epileptic fits came at frequent intervals. The prophet's followers were ordered to attack the caravans which made pilgrimages to the pagan shrine at Mecca, although he himself did none of the fighting. This plundering and outlawry netted Mohammed wealth and power, and later it developed into the Jehad, or holy war, by means of which he gained adherents to his faith. Mohammed's genius and that of his followers, the propagation of Islam by the sword, its low and easy-going moral standards, the condition of the times when the religion was started, and the fact that Christians for more than a thousand years did little or nothing to directly win Moslems to their Christ, explain why this vile, licentious, lying, and plagiarizing religious fanatic, Mohammed, has succeeded in promulgating his teachings through the centuries.

If we as Christians are right in our belief that only the bringing of the gospel of Christ to Egypt can *fulfill* the Promise of Isaiah, that Egypt shall be blessed by the knowledge of the true Lord, then Mohammed has

surely proved himself a false prophet, as he is often called. To-day Mohammedanism is the national religion of Egypt, and the faith of ninety per cent of its people. Some folks think that the Moslem faith is not so unlike the Christian faith, in that it believes in one God, teaches many of the things emphasized by Christianity, and even recognizes Christ as one of its prophets. If only those who believe this could live here long enough they would realize that these false forms of religion clothe a rottenness of life which has not even the semblance of the truth which Christ lived and taught. It is true that millions upon millions of people are reaching out, groping to find God through this religion, but rather than a blessing, Islam has brought only a curse in more ways than I can tell you to every people which its withering blight has touched during the last thirteen centuries.

Well, enough of Mohammed and his Koran, which have *Falsified* the Promise. If I am to help in the *Fulfillment* of that Promise, I had better go to bed and get some rest for to-morrow's work. With love and the best of wishes, I am

Your son, HOWARD.

THE PROMISE REALIZED.

Less than seventy-five years ago, three Americans started a work of Modern Missions in Egypt, which to-day represents an investment of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars. In coöperation with the American Mission, various agencies have contributed in building up an almost self-supporting, vitally spiritual Protestant Evangelical Church. Thus to-day the Promise is being Realized.

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Assiout, Upper Egypt, January 16, 192–.

Dearest Mother:

Well, I am just back from a wonderful five days with the Fairmans on the Ibis. The Fairmans, as I have told you in other letters, are among our valued senior missionaries, though they have been with our Mission only a few years. For a long time they were members of the North African Mission, a British society, which disbanded. Having a most excellent knowledge of the Arabic and several years of experience in Egypt, our Mission was indeed glad to have them work with us. You know a missionary's first term is little more than a period of training, for regardless of what he or she has had in the way of preparatory education at home along special lines, it is necessary to learn the language, the customs of the people, and the nature of the work before they are of much service here. The language is what we talk about the most during our first years here, but Dr. Pollock says that it is well we have to learn the language, as it gives us a chance to learn so many other things too. If we were allowed to plunge right in with our half-baked ideas as to how things ought to be done, we would undoubtedly be getting ourselves into trouble a good deal of the time. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fairman got a most excellent start at the language by burying themselves in one of the villages where they were the only English-speaking people, and so they had to learn the Arabic or starve. The Fairmans lived in England before coming to Egypt, and their children are there now in school. Dr. Fairman is one of the

evangelistic missionaries, and he has charge of the work in that department south of Assiout, as far as Luxor.

The Ibis, the boat on which Dr. Fairman itinerates, is a comfortable sailboat, and it is about as old as the Mission itself. The Ibis is really the flagship of a Mission fleet, for in addition to the Ibis there are the Witness, the Allegheny, and the Delta car, which, although not a boat, is used as an itinerant vehicle. We have been extremely fortunate in having seen all of these boats and the Delta car. A good many of the older missionaries have been here much longer than we have, and yet have not seen all of the fleet. The Ibis is a double-masted sailboat, seventy feet long, with about a fourteen-foot beam. The boat has three staterooms or cabins, and a little saloon. This latter is used as a dining room, sitting room, and study combined. In the center of this room is a table, while on either side are long cushioned benches. At one end is a tiny, built-in desk, while at the other end, toward the stern of the boat, is a built-in china closet. Back of this saloon are a pantry, kitchen, and a small bathroom. The upper deck is used a great deal in the day time, as it is furnished with comfortable chairs and benches, and it is sheltered from the sun by awnings. The crew live on the lower, forward deck, on which there is a sort of open stove where the sailors cook for themselves. At night they either sleep on deck or they crawl into the hold.

The Witness is a much newer and larger boat, having been purchased from the Cook's tourist agency a few years ago. It is also a two-masted sailing houseboat, or dahabeya, as they are called. Its rooms are much larger than those of the Ibis, and it is altogether a much more confortable boat. The Witness is used in the

upper country around Luxor and beyond. The Allegheny is the third of the Mission's boats. Until recently it was a steamboat. Besides being small, the engine took up a lot of room, and this made the quarters extremely cramped. As this boat is used along the irrigation canals in the Delta where the larger boats would prove unwieldly, the engine was really not needed, as the boat could be towed from village to village. Consequently when overhauling the boats the committee in charge decided to remove the engine, giving room for more cabin space. The fourth of the Mission fleet is not a boat at all, but a railway car. This is a small affair, known as the Delta car, as it is used on the narrow-gauge roads of the Delta. It was designed by Mr. Coventry, and it is a marvel of compactness. These three boats and one car are used by the evangelistic workers in order to reach distant villages, which afford no hospitable place of entertainment. They are really itinerating homes for the missionaries, and are indeed very useful pieces of Mission property. During the summer the fleet is tied up for repairs and painting, as at this time of the year the heat makes them unbearable for use. In the early days before the comforts which these boats afford, Dr. Giffen tells of having visited villages where he crawled into a sleeping bag which he carried, raising an umbrella in order to gain breathing space. He was probably not always alone in the bag, if fleas were as prevalent then as now. Recently there has been talk of dispensing with all of the fleet and purchasing more automobiles, which would enable the missionaries to cover more territory in a shorter length of time, and yet to return to their own comfortable homes at night. Personally, I hope this will not take

place, as there are some villages which can be reached only by boats or donkey. In addition, there is a tremendous amount of sentiment wrapped up in the service which these boats have rendered in years past, and I think it would be more than a material loss to dispense with them.

The flagship of the Mission fleet takes its name, The Ibis, from the sacred bird of ancient Egyptian mythology. But more interesting than its romantic name is the story of the unique romance which led to its becoming the property of the Mission. About a hundred years or so ago, Rungit Singh, known as the old Lion, subdued the Punjab, and instituted the kingdom of Lahore, in Northern India. During the early part of his rule the Lion was antagonistic to British dominion, but in his later years he mellowed somewhat. At his death in 1839, it is rumored that four of his wives and seven of his favorite concubines were burned on his funeral pyre. As the old Lion left no son mature enough to succeed him, the British interfered to keep his kingdom from being torn to pieces, and consequently the Kohinoor diamond, or "Mountain of Light," as it was called, valued at millions of dollars, came into possession of the royal family of the British Empire. In return, the rights of Duleep Singh, the infant son of the Lion of the Punjab, were protected, and a pension of a quarter of a million dollars a year was granted to the young maharajah and his mother. In addition, an estate was given to them in Norfolk, England, where later they retired. The Prince, Duleep Singh, while in England, became converted to Christianity, under the ministry of a clergyman of the Church of England, though both his parents lived and died in the Hindoo faith. When

18. "Round cakes of coarse bread the size of a dinner plate."
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the mother died in England, her son, then a young man, took her body back to India to be buried according to the rites of her own religion, as she had previously requested should be done. As the route from England to India lies through the Mediterranean and Red Seas, the young maharajah stopped in Cairo, where he visited the work of our Mission. The Girls' School, conducted by Miss Dales, seemed particularly to attract his attention. The reason for this became disclosed in a short time when the Prince asked for a private interview with Dr. Hogg, at which time he explained to the missionary, that for quite a while he had been praying for a Christian wife. He had been advised by Queen Victoria to marry an Indian Princess, educated in England, but this did not appeal to him, as he preferred a wife who was more interested in simple Christian living than in court frivolities. Knowing no woman of his own people who was a Christian, and preferring an Oriental, he had come to Dr. Hogg, to ask help in securing such a wife in Egypt. As the girl's rank and position were not essential in his estimation, the missionaries decided to propose the name of Bamba, one of the pupil-teachers in Miss Dales' school.

Bamba was the daughter of a woman who lived in Cairo, who at one time had been an Abyssinian slave. Her father was a German. As Bamba had been reared in humble poverty, and as her one desire had been to become a Christian teacher in the Mission school, the prince's proposal at first did not appeal to her. Can you beat it? Imagine an American girl turning down such an offer. After a good deal of prayer and persuasion on the part of solicitous missionaries, Bamba began to see the possibility of even a greater Christian service as the

wife of this noble prince than in the humble position which she had chosen for herself as school-teacher. At court functions the maharajah's place was next to that of the royal family, and Bamba had a lot to learn before she assumed the rôle of princess. The missionaries' wives hurriedly proceeded to organize a Ladies' Aid for the purpose of teaching Bamba how to govern servants, how to eat *a la* European, and how to wear Western flub dubs instead of her somber Egyptian dress. Bamba took to all this like a duck to water, and by the time she became a real maharani was able to gracefully take her place with the first ladies of the land at Queen Victoria's social functions.

Usually the groom slips the preacher a five spot for performing the wedding ceremony and calls it quits, but in this as in other matters the maharajah proved himself a prince royal, for he gave the Mission an outright gift of five thousand dollars as a thank offering, and this he repeated on his wedding anniversary for more than a dozen years. In addition to this he later pledged an annual contribution of half this sum for the support of two missionaries for life. Other gifts netting $20,000 in cash were presented to further the work of the Mission at different times. Sometimes people voice the sentiment that the age of miracles has passed, but it seems as if in this particular case God raised up this wealthy friend of the Mission in a time of sore need. The marriage of Duleep Singh took place in the summer of 1864, just before the close of the Civil War, and his financial aid to the Mission came during the following years of reconstruction when money was extremely scarce at home. Mrs. Andrew Watson, who gives us this interesting story, tells us that "these contributions

came during a period when the treasury of the Mission was sorely depleted, and alone made possible the maintenance of the work and even its extension to new centers." Following their honeymoon in England, the prince and his wife returned to Egypt for a visit. After a journey on the Nile, in their own comfortable house-boat, the Ibis, this, too, was presented to the Mission. Now for sixty years this famous old boat has been known as a gospel messenger, from Alexandria to the borders of the Sudan. Rais Salem, the Mohammedan captain of the Ibis, who was a little boy when it became the property of the Mission, has spent his entire life in service on this boat.

In many ways the Nile is a peculiar river. It is next to the longest waterway in the world. From Khartoum, in the Northern Sudan, where the Blue Nile, draining the hills of Western Abyssinia, joins the White Nile, it flows a distance of some 1,200 miles on toward the Mediterranean, without other tributaries. As there is enormous seepage and evaporation throughout this great distance of desert country which it traverses, it is amazing that the river maintains its enormous volume clear to the ocean. In Egypt we speak of up south, and down north, for the Nile flows north from Equatorial Africa toward the sea. As winds, more or less constantly, blow upstream during the day, sailboats depend upon these for power, and at night, with unfurled sails they float in the opposite direction with the current. This means of locomotion proves very cheap and convenient when things are in one's favor, but at times when the wind falls unexpectedly, or, on the contrary, proves too strong to allow the boat to float with the current, it may prove extremely embarrassing. The Ibis tows a

heavy rowboat, which is intended to be used for such emergencies in helping one reach his intended destination. The idea is all right, but the boat is so heavy that two or more strong men with oars can scarcely more than keep abreast of the current, let alone make progress against it. While Mr. Fairman was busy at his desk, or engaged in conversation with inquirers, I spent part of my time in trying to figure out how strong an outboard motor would be needed to make a service launch of the old tub of a rowboat. As oil lamps, which generated more heat than light in the little cabins, were used for illumination, I also tried to devise a means of lighting with electricity, harnessing the power of the Nile to generate the juice. But to my sorrow I found that what seemed too strong a current to row against, was totally inadequate, by means of my crude contrivance, to generate the needed electricity.

Every evening that I was with the Fairmans on the boat, Mr. Fairman preached in a near-by village. After an enjoyable sail up the river, the Ibis was moored at the nearest point to the village which we wished to visit, and Mr. Fairman and I walked through the fields for a call on the pastor and some of the men of his congregation. After arrangements had been made for the evening meetings, we were invited to stay for dinner. Our host, although a graduate of Assiout College and more recently of the Cairo Seminary, put on no foreign airs among the people of his own village. According to Egyptian custom, the men of our party ate alone, the women and children of the household keeping in the background. The food was brought in on a large brass tray, which was placed upon a low stand, around which we sat. Meat and vegetables, tasting like a delicious

Irish stew, filled a common dish on the center of the tray. In addition to white cheese and black olives, there was a stack of large, round cakes of coarse bread, the size of a dinner plate. It is customary to tear the bread into pieces and with this to dip into the common dish, fishing out the choicest morsels, thus dispensing with individual plates and silverware. I must have acted a little squeamish though, for after a whispered order, some dishes and large spoons were brought in. At this Dr. Fairman laughed, and said he would eat Egyptian style, but I, undemocratically accepted my private dish. After delicious oranges, the customary Turkish coffee was served. Friends in the village presented us with chickens, eggs, and fruit, which they sent to the boat for us.

In the evenings, when we went to the meetings, two or three of the boatmen went with us as a bodyguard. Instead of swords and guns our protectors carried only a lantern and large clubs, for their protection was needed only against dogs. In Egypt, canine flesh is measured in quantity, not quality. Some of these village dogs are regular man-eaters, and when a pack of them get together I fear missionary meat might be too tempting a morsel for them to overlook. Our boatmen were all Mohammedans, but seemed to find no objection in safely escorting us to a Christian meeting place. The church was a bare-looking room in one of the mud-brick buildings. The seats were only hard wooden benches, and the floor consisted of the bare earth. The illumination came from two flickering oil lamps and the lantern which our men had brought with them. A screen separated the women from the men. Egyptian ideas of harmony differ somewhat from ours, but the people do

love to sing. The barking of the dogs upon our arrival in the village, and later the singing in the church, advertised that a meeting was in progress, and soon the room was filled. As Egyptian villages offer little in the way of public gatherings, our meetings attracted not only the Evangelical Christians who would naturally come, but also many Copts and Moslems. Mr. Fairman gave them a good, direct gospel message, and it was no ten-minute sermonette either. After he had talked what seemed to me an interminable length of time and had hinted at a conclusion, some of his audience called out for him to go on. Many of the Egyptian preachers are earnest and eloquent speakers, but Mr. Fairman excels in simple, direct, forceful presentation of the truth, and these village audiences seem to have a real heart hunger for the old gospel story.

As I watched the rapt attention of his audience I could not help but remember what Mr. Fairman had told me of his first sermon in Arabic. After a good deal of work and preparation he gave what he thought was a pretty good sermon. His Arabic teacher, who had helped him in the preparation of his address, sat in the front row of his audience, under his very nose. Every time he grew eloquent in emphasizing the gist of his text, this fellow either snickered or snorted out laughing. Mr. Fairman held his temper and went on through the service, but as soon as things were over he took his teacher aside and asked for an explanation of his conduct. The fellow, now fairly repentant, explained that he had been amused at what Mr. Fairman had said. Mr. Fairman asked what he had said, and the teacher parried back: "Well, what do you think you said?" "Why, I said, that what we need is the forgiveness of

God." "No," the fellow answered, "what you were really saying, was that we need soup ladles." But from the way the crowds drank in all he said the nights I heard him, it seemed to me they were finding no difficulty in distinguishing between his pronunciation of soup ladles, "maghrefa," and forgiveness, "maghfera."

The particular Church which we visited in this village was representative of the weaker congregations of the Synod. The average congregation would be a little group of from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty people, none of whom are rich. Perhaps not more than a dozen of this number would have an income of more than fifty dollars a month and perhaps no one of the bunch would be receiving twice that sum. In fact, many of the members of such a group would be laborers who receive less than fifty cents a day, and yet more than fifty per cent of these organized Churches of the Synod are self-supporting. In addition to this, many of these Churches support their own schools. The growth of a congregation is not only shown by its influence and value in its local community, but many of these congregations contribute to the direct evangelization of Egypt by sending a large number of boys to Assiout College and the Seminary in Cairo, where they receive special training for leadership. Some of the congregations are quite large and flourishing, having several hundred members and some very wealthy parishioners. The Synod has one hundred and twenty organized congregations, which makes a Church of over eighteen thousand communicants, representing a Protestant community in Egypt of about fifty thousand. Here in Assiout Presbytery, which is only one of the five Presbyteries of the Synod, there are thirty-seven

ordained Egyptian ministers and one hundred and three congregations and preaching places, with some eight thousand adult members. Assiout, though, is an exceptionally strong Christian community. Here and at Nakhala there are unusually fine, large Churches. In Cairo alone there is a group of nine organized Churches, half of which are self-supporting, and there is also regular preaching at twelve other places there. The latest figures I remember seeing indicated that of a Synodical budget of over $118,000, less than eight thousand dollars came from America. Few people at home realize that from the Egyptians themselves there comes nearly a quarter of a million dollars annually for the support of the educational system fostered by the Mission. It sticks in my mind that one of the older missionaries made the statement that the Egyptian people match every dollar which the people at home send out here for schools with three dollars of their own money. More than $415,000 a year is furnished by the people of Egypt in support of all of the different phases of evangelistic effort carried on by the American Mission and the Protestant Evangelical Church of Egypt. Of course, much of the money is in payment of school tuitions, books, and hospital fees, for which the people receive a tangible and material equivalent considerably in excess of what they pay. But, all in all, a good many people at home would be surprised to know what a wonderfully fine, well-organized Church we have in Egypt. Its hundreds of ministers, evangelists, and Bible workers, and its thousands of earnest, sincere laymen make a leaven which is being most emphatically felt throughout all phases of Egyptian life.

Some people seem to think missionary work consists

of sitting under a palm tree with a pill case in one hand and a Bible in the other, healing and teaching people as they go by, and then watching their converts change instantaneously from lives of hard-boiled sin into saintly characters. Of course there is a lot of personal work done by the missionaries, and the better the missionary the more of that type of work he finds time to do. But the pioneers of this work were long-headed fellows, who were quick to adopt the Master's efficient method of choosing a group of others to carry on the work which he started. Men like Dr. Hogg and Dr. Alexander proved themselves master builders, in that their lives are being multiplied in the lives of hundreds of others. Scores upon scores of fine Christian leaders are carrying on the work which a little group of foreigners would be unable to do, being handicapped by a strange language, unfamiliar customs, and a trying climate. Even some whose missionary careers were ended before they were really started, like William Borden, Jr., have left their stamp of character upon others, and through them live on. The Christian Evangelical Church of Egypt is only indirectly the product of the little band of missionaries from Great Britain and America, for the great mass of the work has been done by Egyptian ministers, evangelists, Bible women, and laymen themselves. An Egyptian, born with the sound of Arabic in his ears, reared in the atmosphere of the East, acquainted with the emotions, ambitions, and heart throbs of his own people, and imbued with the spirit of Christ, makes ten times more effective a missionary than any American, no matter how earnest or sincere he or she may be.

If some of the pillars of our home Church, who were never asked to sacrifice a thing for the beliefs they hold,

and who nearly jerk their shoulders out of joint patting themselves on the back every time they drop a dime or dollar on the collection plate after a rousing good missionary talk, could just get acquainted with some of our fine Egyptian Christian leaders, it might do them good. For instance, working with our American staff in Assiout College is an Egyptian staff nearly four times that number of trained, consecrated teachers and professors. Khalil Effendi Ibrahim, dean of that group in point of service, who has literally given his life to the upbuilding of the college, is one of the finest men I know. Also on that staff is Rev. Mr. Tawfeik Saleh, a graduate from the Pittsburgh Seminary, who showed our American boys a few tricks in scholarship, as well as proving himself of sterling character. If Dr. Fareed Gindy, who works with us here in the hospital, were willing to do some of the crooked things which tempt other Egyptian doctors, he could be a rich man in a few years. As it is he makes far more, working part time in his own clinic, than he could here working full time on a missionary's salary. Gassis Maowad, pastor of Assiout's large Protestant Church, would be recognized as a leader among ministers anywhere. All over Egypt Sheik Mitry Dewary is known as an outstanding Christian layman. Even outside of Egypt he is known as an associate secretary of the World's Sunday School Association, and he has done more than any other one person for the advancement of Sabbath schools here. If a missionary could have nothing more to his credit than the leading to Christ, and the guidance and inspiration, of anyone of the hundreds of Egypt's fine Christian workers, ministers or laymen, his work would be worth while.

Sometimes I think the more humble ones among the workers here, as at home, do the most good, at least according to their abilities. Often boys and girls who have contact with Christian schools for only a few years, and yet who have neither money nor ability to go on and finish, go back into their home communities to lead lives of rich fruitfulness. A simple message, given in the language of the people by a colporteur or Bible woman, may bring home the truth to individuals who would not understand the highbrow classical Arabic used by some of the better-educated preachers. Several years ago a boy came here to college and persistently flunked his examinations. Finally, the faculty gave him a diploma to get rid of him. He repeated this same stunt at the Seminary, and finally became a minister. From the day he had started to school he persisted in the belief that God had called him to be a preacher. Realizing his own limitations, he plainly said that he did not know enough to take one of the more desirable congregations, many of which were clamoring for trained leadership. He cast about for the humblest parish he could find, and finally chose a miserable little village where there was no Christian Church and began to preach. Soon he started other preaching places, and within a few months engaged some blind evangelists to help him. Now he has to his credit eighteen little Churches which he not only runs, but which he largely supports by his own efforts. I wonder how his work will rank in eternity with that of some of his fellows who laughed at his stupidity in school.

When I returned from my trip on the Ibis with the Fairmans, I found that work was running full-tilt at the hospital. Dr. Finley had been called to Tanta for

a medical board meeting. Whitcomb had to go on a village call which took him most of the day, leaving Drs. Pollock, Fareed, and me to make rounds, tend to the clinics, make calls in town, and do a morning's operating. Some thirty years ago when Dr. Henry first came to Egypt as a medical missionary the appropriations available for the carrying on of his work were very small. In those days there were few doctors in Egypt in comparison with the number which we have to-day, and Dr. Henry, with his American training, was in great demand. He was called into the homes of the rich as well as those of the poor, and from all who could pay he took fees with which he started Assiout Hospital. The development of the work was gradual, at first being little more than a clinic. In time Dr. Henry got an assistant, and a small hospital was under way. As work developed, additions and other floors were added on. For more than a quarter of a century or until just recently, the work has been self-supporting, except for the salaries of the doctors who have come from America. This has been no small achievement, as now the hospital has grown to a capacity of one hundred and thirty beds, and there is enough work to keep five doctors busy all the time. As no patients were turned away for lack of money, much of the support with which to carry on had to be secured from outside calls. Consequently a large town practice has grown up, and many calls come in from outlying villages. As the work gained recognition, and as the reputation of the doctors spread, these village calls came from longer distances.

The fee for these village calls is based upon the distance and the time it takes to make the trip. Generally a bargain is struck with the friends of the patient, after

some haggling. As time is nothing to an Egyptian when money is at stake, and as we generally prove easy marks for hard luck stories which would wring tears from a stone idol, a wakhil, or go-between, is employed to make negotiations. Often I have seen men argue over the last piaster, and then when the deal was closed, pull out a roll of Egyptian notes which would easily pay for half a dozen consultants from Cairo, and, without the quiver of an eyelash, pay cash. Usually these village trips are made by auto as far as the dyke roads will permit, but often they have to be completed on sailboats or donkey back. When the doctor reaches the village, a score or more of the halt, the lame, and the blind, form the nucleus of a little clinic, and before he is permitted to leave he has had a look-in on all the sickness of the village. Although the destitute are never turned away, these cases usually net additional fees which help finance the trip, and so these village calls are welcomed as means of replenishing the hospital exchequer. A young drug store in suit cases, and an emergency kit, have to be carried on these trips, as one is likely to be called upon to do anything from giving a dose of castor oil to the performance of an operation.

Dr. Pollock had a drug order to make out which took him a couple of hours, but he found time to help Fareed and me with the rounds before he started off on a string of town calls. Dr. Fareed and I had a couple of major operations, one an old man with a stone in his bladder, probably the result of an old chronic bilharzi infection, and the other a little shrimp of an undernourished boy, twelve years old, with a compound fracture of his right leg. Although Dr. Fareed is a young fellow, he is a clever surgeon of several years' experience, and he has

plenty of nerve, a thing which is needed in tackling some of the cases which come to us. Many of our cases, both surgical and obstetrical, offer far-advanced pathology and plenty of complications, and so we see as much real stuff in our little hospital as one would see in a place two or three times as big at home. The old man was the first on the table, and after opening him, with prayer, we separated him from his bladderstone, a formidable-looking rock a little smaller than Gibraltar, and then we closed him with silk. The poor little boy had received his fracture several days before he had been brought to the hospital, and his wound was a mass of nasty infection, with the jagged bone protruding. The little rascal not only suffered torments every time he was jiggled or touched, but he was half scared to death, and when the anæsthetic was started he yelled bloody murder. You couldn't blame him, for this was probably his first visit away from his own village, and the white-gowned doctors and nurses and the sight of the instruments, likely were terrifying to him. Dr. Fareed's little prayer in Arabic, and his assurances that we would not hurt him, but rather ease his pain, seemed to do little good. But a few whiffs of the chloroform which we use in this hot country instead of the more volatile ether, soon got him, and in a minute he was breathing regularly, and had quit struggling. Nasser Effendi, the Bash-Tamarji, or chief male nurse, gives all our anæsthetics. He may not know an awful lot of the theory of anæsthesia, but he surely knows how to give the sleep drops. We cleaned the dirty wound up the best we could, set the fracture, and instituted drainage. Adjusting a splint, we hoped God would be

merciful in giving the kid back his limb and in saving us the trouble of an amputation later on.

Following our two major operations, Dr. Fareed hurried downstairs to take care of the inside clinic of pay patients, who come for diagnosis, treatment, or for admission to the hospital. The nurse and I had a couple of Snellen's or lid operations. This operation is a rather simple procedure of slitting open the skin of the upper eyelid, cutting out a V-shaped wedge of the tarsal cartilage, and putting in a few stitches to turn the lid back. In trachoma which has progressed far enough, a lot of scar tissue is laid down, and this contracts the tarsus, curving it and making the lashes sweep the cornea. This in time produces ulcers, and eventually causes blindness. As there is a fine government ophthalmological hospital out across the road from the college, and as their men are specialists and past masters in eye surgery, we try to send our more complicated cases out to them, but as we run an eye clinic, a good many of our patients insist on our doing their operations when we can. Personally I like eye surgery, as it is extremely gratifying to be able by a few minutes' work to relieve a fellow of pain and to help keep him from blindness. Operating is more or less fun for the doctor, for he is free to mess things up as much as he chooses in doing his part of the stunt, but the poor surgical nurse has a day's work after the surgeon leaves the room in cleaning things up, washing and sterilizing linen and instruments, and setting things to rights ready for any emergency which may arise day or night.

When Dr. Fareed finished his inside cases he went out to the free clinic, where he and Nasser Effendi ran through about eighty or ninety patients, with every

imaginable sort of complaint and illness. They make a good team for doing the general clinic as they both know Arabic and the habits of the people so thoroughly. Sometimes this is of great advantage in detecting any sham or lying as occasionally will occur for the most absurd reasons. Then, too, they have to be able to cull out those who are really seriously ill and turn them into the hospital for further treatment. Meanwhile, I did about the same number of eye cases upstairs. Most of my work consisted in the routine treatment of old cases, though each day we get some new cases, which take more time. Some of the nurses have helped me speed this work by organizing the patients into different groups, according to their various treatments. These outside clinics are held for the poor people, who are charged a piaster, or nickel apiece, for registration, examination, and any medication which may be necessary. The clinics are held in a separate building abutting on the main street, directly in front of the hospital proper, and a good many passers-by find it convenient to drop in. Butros Effendi, Gassis Jayyed's assistant evangelist, harangues the clinic crowds each morning with a simple sermon or Bible story while they wait for the doctors to see them. By this arrangement these people get the gospel as well as salts or cod liver oil.

Those who come frequently to the clinics, as do some of the eye patients especially, get to hear a good deal of the gospel, but the real evangelistic work is done inside of the hospital. Gassis Jayyed Minkarious, a graduate of Assiout College and the Cairo Seminary, has charge of this evangelistic work. He is assisted by Butrus Effendi an evangelist, and by Sitt Shampsa, a blind Bible reader. Patients such as those upon whom

20. "Nassar Effendi surely knows how to give the sleep drops." Page 142.

22. "A mosque reminding us even on vacation, that we are missionaries in a Mohammedan land." Page 154.

we operated this morning stay in the hospital indefinitely, sometimes for weeks, and so they hear the Bible read daily and prayers offered in the name of Christ. Mr. Jayyed spends a good deal of his time in personal interviews and in distributing tracts. Sitt Shampsa can be seen at almost any hour of the day in the midst of a group of women, reading to them from her huge Braille Bible. From the rapt attention which she receives, it is hard to tell whether her auditors are more interested in her ability to read or in her explanations of the Bible stories. On the third floor of the hospital is a little chapel where Mr. Jayyed holds a service each morning. In the simplest language possible, he explains the gospel truths in a way that brings light to many. Sometimes he makes his talks more vivid by the use of magic lantern pictures of the life of Christ. As a large percentage of our patients are Moslems, these Christian contacts in the hospital often do much to influence the rest of their lives. Frequently we hear pastors and evangelists say that when visiting villages which have no Churches, they are asked by former patients from here to tell them more of the Christian religion.

Not only do patients hear of Christ's teachings, but here they see his ideals of mercy and kindness exemplified in a practical way. We hear that some pass by the government hospital and come to us because of the honest and kindly treatment which they receive. Dr. Henry, who is known all over Upper Egypt as "the man of prayer," did a lot of direct evangelistic work among his patients, and ever since the founding of Assiout Hospital the evangelistic emphasis has been kept foremost. Our nursing staff is British, and one of the requirements upon which Miss Bennett, the superin-

tendent insists, is the fitness of her nurses for real missionary service. Their meager salaries would convince anyone that nothing less than the highest ideals would attract them, for their work is most trying. A group of Egyptian girls, or binat, as they are called, act as maids, and some of them become most efficient nurses. These girls are all Christians, and their influence among the patients is for good. On Sabbath afternoons the binat conduct a little Sabbath school of their own for the urchins they bring in off the streets. In addition to the staff nurses and hospital helpers, Miss Barnes, a Britisher, who is a volunteer worker, gives all of her time to evangelistic work among the women.

It is natural, I suppose, for anyone to think that his or her part is the most important in the whole show. Mr. Fairman or any of the ministers would likely think that the one big objective of the American Mission is to build up a strong, spiritual, vital, Christian Evangelical Church in Egypt, and of course they would be right. All of the doctors and nurses would be ready to assure you that their medical work reaches individuals and exerts an influence which no other kind of mission work could possibly do, and they, too, would be right. Then if you went out to the college and talked to Dr. Russell or any of his men, I am sure that they, also, would be of the opinion that nothing quite touched educational work as a means of solving the problems of Egypt. But it does seem to me as if all of these methods which we emphasize in our mission work, are trying in their own respective ways to do the same thing—that is, to evangelize Egypt. Christ himself performed the four-cornered ministry of healing, preaching, teaching, and of organizing a group of followers to promulgate His faith.

If we as a group of missionaries would neglect to emphasize any one of these means which the Master used so effectively in His work, we would stand about the same chance in the evangelization of Egypt as a three-legged donkey would in a camel race.

The commission which Christ gave to His followers was to preach the gospel to every creature. Many people make the mistake of thinking He said to Christianize every creature, a thing which is a Divine prerogative and which we as humans cannot do. Stumbling over this, they ask if we do not have enough to do at home without going to foreign lands to do missionary work. Although America is far from being Christian, there are few in comparison who do not, or who could not, know the gospel story if they chose. But here in Egypt there are millions who sincerely believe that Mohammed revealed the truth about God, and these would never know of Christ unless we told them. I suppose that we who are so busy patching up the physical wrecks of humanity are apt to forget the emphasis which Christ put on the other phases of His ministry, and so are slow to realize the importance of the educational program of our mission. Somewhere I have heard that the Roman Catholic Church claims that if it has the training of a child during the first seven years of its life, it does not care what other influences may come into the child's education later, as these early years are the period of character formation. Evidently as our Mission has one hundred and eighty-four elementary and preparatory schools, the educational men are imbued with the same idea as those who foster parochial schools. In addition to all these primary schools, which promulgate good citizenship, Christian ideals, and Bible

teaching, the Mission has some thirty or more higher schools which specifically train young men and women for special service. For instance, the P. M. I. here in Assiout, the boarding schools in Luxor, Tanta, and Ezbekiah, in Cairo, all train girls to become Christian home makers, and also many of their graduates become teachers for the primary schools. The Girls' College in Cairo, which caters to daughters of the wealthier homes, is outstandingly the highest type of educational institution for women in all Egypt, and many of its graduates will be the leaders in the feminist movement of the future. The Missions' higher schools for boys are headed by Assiout College, whose scholastic standing is equal to any of the secondary schools of the land. The college arts course is designed to offer a more liberal and broader training than the government professional preparatory courses, which have been so popular in the past. Most of the men taking the arts course are looking forward to direct Christian service, and many of them will be entering the Seminary in Cairo later. The College has literary clubs, Y. M. C. A., Christian Endeavor, a Temperance Society, and a Student Volunteer Band of some eighty-five members. As this work of training Christian leaders has been going on for more than sixty years, it is easy to see what an influence this one school alone has been in the evangelization of Egypt.

In so many of my letters I have made reference to The Promise in Isaiah that "the Lord will be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord." After my trip on the Ibis last week, I got a different slant on the evangelistic part of our mission's work than I had ever had before. That set me to thinking, and I wondered if we in our medical work had grasped the

real objective of our phase of mission work. The more I thought the whole matter over, the more it seemed to me that each of these different departments blended into the making of a perfect whole, a well-balanced organization for the evangelization of Egypt. The preaching, the teaching, the healing, and the organizing of a living, vital, growing Church, all go hand in hand in giving to the people of Egypt the knowledge of Christ, and of his revelation of the true God. If Aakhunaten in his monotheistic idea barely *Glimpsed* Isaiah's *Promise*, if the Copts, in failing to give the open Bible, *Repudiated* the *Promise*, and if Mohammed *Falsified* the *Promise*, certainly it looks as if modern missions are to-day *Realizing* the *Promise*. Evangelists, teachers, doctors, and the organized Church are each doing their part in bringing to Egypt the knowledge of the Lord.

As our furlough home is due this spring, we are trusting the Winter Association will approve our going. Hip! Hip! Hooray for a trip to America soon! We all join in love,

As ever, HOWARD.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

A challenge confronts this generation. Islam is in dissolution. Only the power of the Cross can keep Egypt from turning to materialism, agnosticism, and atheism. Have we the vision to invest as partners with God our wealth, our prayers, and our lives in bringing about The Fulfillment of The Prophetical Promise, "The Lord shall be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord?"

(150)

ASSIOUT, UPPER EGYPT, April 25, 192–.

DEAREST MOTHER:

This is likely the last letter you will receive from us before we reach home. Next Tuesday we expect to leave for Cairo, where we will be for a few days, and then we go on to Alexandria, where Dr. Caldwell, the Mission treasurer, has secured passage for us on an American boat. The next time we leave Egypt I hope we can come home by air, but this time, I am afraid it will have to be by long sea. Ordinarily it would take seventeen days direct from Alexandria to New York, but as we are scheduled to touch at Naples, Genoa, and Marseilles, it will add several days to our trip. When we first came to Egypt we could not understand why people did not look forward more eagerly to their furlough year, but now that it is at hand for us, we understand more fully their feelings. Although we have been looking forward for months and months to seeing you, mother dear, there are a lot of things which do make the trip and the furlough year something else than a pleasure jaunt. The years in this low altitude, in a country without the rigorous winters to which we are accustomed, put us in need of a change. Tearing up housekeeping, packing for a year or possibly more, and pulling up roots which have been let down deeper than we had realized, are not easy. We do have a lot of friends here now, and Egypt is home to us in a very dear sense, of course.

The hardest thing about leaving Egypt just now, though, is on account of the work. We have just gotten

to the place where we feel that we begin to count, for we know a little of the language, and we now have a real part in the work. If we could pack with the knowledge that in a year we would be returning to our work, it would not be so bad, but that is where the rub comes. The Foreign Board has again sent out word to the Mission to retrench, and the warning has been sounded that if our Church at home does not respond better than it is doing just now, some of the missionaries will actually have to be brought home. We, because we are among the youngest, feel that perhaps that means us, and so we are planning for the possibility of not returning. We have crated our heavier furniture, and things which it would not pay to send home we are labeling, so that they can be sold in case we do not return. We know that it is His work, and if it is His will, the way will open up for us to come back, but I tell you, mother, it is hard to face such uncertainty. We have gotten deeply interested in this work, which we now love and to which we dedicated our lives. When we made our decision to come to Egypt as missionaries, we put aside other ambitions and hopes for material development. Now to be told that probably all this will have to be given up because the Church is not willing to support the work is a bitter pill. It wouldn't seem like such a cruel joke if it were absolutely necessary, for one realizes that the sum being asked for to maintain our work is about what two or three of our biggest congregations could give alone if they were only dead in earnest. The Board is not asking the Church to increase or expand its mission work, but is stressing mere maintenance.

Well, anyway, mother dear, we are mighty glad to be coming home, and you can just bet that we will not

be wasting much time between landing at New York and reaching Monmouth. You know in this Mohammedan land pork is not eaten, and I haven't had an honest-to-goodness ham sandwich since leaving America. Just a bowl of crackers and milk would taste like a million dollars, for boiled buffalo milk has, instead of yellow cream, a thick white scum, which isn't according to Hoyle. Out here common soda crackers cost double their regular price, and we've almost forgotten how they taste. I suppose there are scores of other things which we will think of before we reach home. Vera wants to see the new fashions, hear a radio, and visit the ten-cent stores. Helen Louise and Rachel want to go without sun helmets and play bare-footed in the grass without fear of scorpions, hookworm, or bilharzi. Our wants are simple though urgent, but most of all we just want you, and another look at what we have been remembering all these years as home.

Usually at this time of the year, those who are not going home to America, or to Switzerland for their mid-term, are looking forward to a change at Sidi Bishr. As the heat becomes intense up-country in the summer, the schools are closed. Educational workers, evangelists, and all other missionaries whose work can be done more comfortably and efficiently down-country, pack their papers in portfolios and accompany their families to the seashore for the hottest weeks. Doctors are not so lucky as some of the other workers. They just kiss their families good-by, and stick to their knitting, except for short vacations as they can be snatched, for the hospitals are most crowded at this season. Along the shore of the Mediterranean, east of Alexandria, about half a mile back from the ocean, the Mission has a compound

in the sand. There we have some twenty-five or thirty shacks, with wooden roofs and floors, but with mat walls and partitions made of palm-leaf fibers, through which the sea breezes blow invitingly. Most of the houses accommodate just one family, though some are large enough for two, and a few are large community buildings which house groups of the young women of the Mission. Water has been piped into the compound, a good sewage system installed, and each house is furnished with a shower bath. Families with children find this a summer paradise, as the sand in which the children play is clean, and the camp is too isolated to necessitate formalities. A good bathing beach in a shallow nook of the sea, behind Spouting Rock, is within easy walking distance. In front of the compound, on a high point overlooking the sea, stands a mosque, with its minaret reaching into the turquoise sky, reminding us even on vacation that we are missionaries in a Mohammedan land. Some of the older people, and families without children, prefer living under more civilized conditions than those afforded by the sand pile. At Schutz, a suburb nearer Alexandria, we have a large building, with seven or eight comfortable flats, built by the New World Movement. During the winter this building houses the school subsidized by the Foreign Board for missionaries' children. Even when the doctors do get a few weeks off in the summer, they get little rest at Sidi-Bishr, for many of our wealthy clients also go to Alexandria for their vacations. Trudging across the sand and hopping street cars for frequent calls into town is more trying than doing a day's work in Assiout, where we have our hospital cars and drivers. I'm surely glad that by another week, instead of chasing across the sand down

there, we will be loafing on board ship for a good old three-weeks' sea trip.

We had hoped that this year at home would give me an opportunity for study. Some of our men do their postgraduate work for degrees. Personally I do not want any more handles for my name, but I do feel the need of brushing up along several lines of my medical work. It seems though as if my year of study will go abegging, for correspondence from the Board's office indicates that this year there is not enough money to warrant extra allowance for study, and instead I am slated for deputation work. Every available missionary, they say, will be needed to tell the home Church the facts about our mission situation. Things are at a pretty low ebb when they have to draft doctors to go around making speeches. The Board's letter tactfully suggested that after a few weeks, when I had learned to talk American again and had gotten some clothes which didn't make me look too much like a returned missionary, I would be wanted for a few months of speaking, showing the Egyptian movie, etc. Of course they didn't actually say all that about the duds, but as I was standing in front of a looking-glass when I read the letter, I read that into it without much trouble.

Perhaps I shouldn't have gotten so hot under the collar about the Church not being willing to support its missionary program, for I know that the Church is an organization made up of individuals, and these individuals differ a lot. It is true there are some whose ideas and ideals of carrying on missionary work are ultramicroscopic, while there are others who are most liberal. Else with a little denomination of only one hundred and seventy-five thousand members, our United Presby-

terian Church wouldn't be able to support such wonderful work as we have been doing all these years in Egypt and India and more recently in the Sudan and Abyssinia. When I go on deputation work and try to give some sort of a message to the Church about Egypt and our work out here, I know that I will be talking to individuals. The good ones of that outfit who are doing the praying and working and giving will not need what I have to say. The stingy and dishonest little two-by-fours, who like to be known as pillars of the Church, but who scarcely support their own weight, would not profit if they did hear me. But I hope I can think of something worth saying to the great middle class of Church folks who are really O.K., but who just don't know about missions. There are a lot who are good at heart but who are ignorant of the facts, and it is that bunch that I would like to set on its ears.

The average churchgoer usually thinks of mission talks as synonymous with a lot of sob stuff, harrowing details of famine, dire destitution, and an urgent plea for more money. It is true there is a vast amount of sob stuff in these countries where Christ is not known and where His ideals are not recognized, but then that would be true also to a degree in the slums of our own great cities. Although Christians at home realize that things in America are far from what they should be, if one wanted to draw comparisons between so-called Christian and non-Christian lands, he could fill a library with such disagreeable contrasts. When instructing salesmen, business men tell their employees not to dwell on the weak points of their line, but to emphasize the successes in their business. It is true that we do have needs a-plenty, demanding prayer,

workers, and money, but the thing which I want to get over to the Church at home is the huge success of the missionary project here in Egypt. I pray that I may have the power to give my auditors a glimpse of the progress which has taken place in Egypt during what would be less than a normal lifetime. Just a few weeks ago, on Washington's birthday, Mrs. Harvey, widow of the late Dr. Harvey, one of our pioneer missionaries, passed away. She had spent more than sixty years here in Egypt, and for about fifty years of that time had lived in the Central Mission Building across from Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo. What she has seen in the development of missionary work during her life here reads like a romance. If the newest missionary on the field to-day be granted life as long as has been granted to Mrs. Harvey, and if he or she sees multiplied in like proportion changes and progress in the spread of the knowledge of Christ as Mrs. Harvey saw, that missionary will actually see the evangelization of Egypt.

When Mrs. Harvey first came to Egypt she found a little group of only fifty Evangelical Christians. This little band has grown into what is now the Synod of the Nile. The Synod now numbers five Presbyteries, with one hundred and twenty organized congregations, and more than two hundred and thirty other preaching places. Of the organized congregations, 55 are self-supporting. The Churches of the Synod have more than 18,000 members, and they represent a Christian community of about 50,000 people. The little group which Mrs. Harvey first knew had no trained, educated leaders. To-day there are more than 100 college and seminary-trained ministers, together with more than 760 other trained workers, evangelists, Bible

women, teachers, colporteurs, and other workers. Many of these Egyptian people are working at a personal sacrifice which would put us to shame. For about sixty years the Mission has conducted the Seminary in Cairo, which has taken for its students members of the graduating classes of Assiout College. During this time 150 men have received diplomas. Just a year ago a new Seminary building was erected entirely by the Church in Egypt. At the dedicatory exercises Dr. J. Morton Howell, American Minister Plenipotentiary to Egypt, cleared the remaining debt of $150 on the building. Three of the professors are Egyptian ministers, and in time the Synod of the Nile will have sole charge of the work. This growth of the organized Church in Egypt has shown its influence in some districts most decidedly, for already there are one or two villages where the Evangelical Christians outnumber those of all other faiths. I remember reading somewhere that it is estimated that there are one hundred prayer meetings held in villages every night by Egyptians themselves. Is it any wonder that the growth of the Church has been so phenomenal?

When she arrived in Egypt, Mrs. Harvey found only five small struggling schools. She has lived to see this little handful of schools started by our Mission develop into an educational system numbering 216 schools. These grade from the smallest kindergarten and primary schools in the villages to such institutions as the Girls' College in Cairo, and the College for Men in Assiout. Sometimes I think tourists appreciate the value of our work more than we do ourselves. Recently President E. D. Lucas, of Forman Christian College, said: "As far as we know, the Cairo Girls' College is the only Chris-

tian college for women in all North Africa." Then Harlan P. Beach, of Yale University, said: "I have visited some 105 of the highest educational institutions on the Mission fields, but, taking all things into consideration, Assiout College ranks first, or nearly first, among them all in its emphasis and practice of the manly Christian life." Dr. John R. Mott said that few institutions had impressed him so favorably as had Assiout College, while William T. Ellis, author of "Bible Lands To-Day," says the college at Assiout is "the most nearly ideal of all the educational institutions on the mission field." Wouldn't Dr. John Hogg feel rewarded if he could hear such remarks about the college which he started, with only five students, in a donkey stable? To-day the pupils in our Mission schools number nearly 18,000. Moslem and Christian alike study the Bible daily along with their secular subjects. Mrs. Harvey would have been surprised to have found women teachers in those first schools with which she became acquainted, but to-day education for girls is being fostered just the same as it is for boys. A census taken about a decade ago states that only 7 out of every 1,000 women in Egypt were literate, while to-day in the Evangelical Church almost one in four can read and write.

Nearly thirty years passed by after Mrs. Harvey came to Egypt before our Mission started any medical work. Even yet, there are a few aches and pains of the 14,000,000 of Egypt's people, for which our hospitals and clinics are unable to care. Although our medical work does seem to be little more than a drop in the bucket so far as the need goes, we really have done a wonderful lot considering our meager equipment. Just

the other day Dr. Finley was counting up his work for the past year, and he found that he had made almost 2,400 calls, several of which were village calls which take a lot of time and strength. He had cared for 1,500 patients who came for examination and treatment in the pay clinic. As he does most of the major surgery, he must have done almost 300 operations besides some 45 obstetrical cases, many of which are major operations in themselves. Besides this he visits all the first- and second-class patients in the hospital every day. These figures may seem rather large for one man, but they do not represent as much work as he has been doing in other years. It would be hard to estimate the number of treatments given by our hospitals and clinics for the whole year, as the figures might run anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand patients treated. Of course such figures represent care given to the masses in our free clinics and welfare stations and not the careful, personal attention which Dr. Finley gives to his patients. Assiout and Tanta are our two big hospitals, and in addition we have four dispensaries. Miss Holland, you know, runs a clinic in Benha, where she treats from one hundred to one hundred and fifty people a day, and probably a good many more in the summer. Only three or four years ago, Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan, who died last year, opened up a couple of little child welfare stations in Cairo with her own money. It seems strange that a little woman who was not a physician, but whose doctor's degree was given in recognition of her literary ability and scholarship in Arabic should have been the one to develop one of the finest pieces of medical work which our Mission has to its credit. Before she started these, she pointed out that in all Egypt there was "no

23. "Assiout College ranks first." Page 159.

24. "God could cause the Sphinx to break his silence of five thousand years." *Page 173.*

care for mothers, no legislation for children, no juvenile courts properly speaking, no visiting nurses, no doctors especially set apart by the government, no children's hospitals, and no day nurseries." Some one has estimated that of the children born in Cairo, nearly one-fourth die before they are one year old, and a little less than half die before five years of age, and of those who do live to thirty years of age, less than ten per cent escape hookworm, tuberculosis, venereal, and eye diseases. Various times I have talked to Egyptian mothers who have told me that they had as many or more children dead than alive, and yet they spoke as if this were a normal condition of affairs. Although the American University, in its extension department, was quick to follow suit, Miss Buchanan has the honor of having started this work. Miss Jane Smith, an American trained nurse, is now supervising this work, and she reported as many as an average of one hundred treatments a day in just one of her centers.

The little group of pioneer missionaries, with whom Mrs. Harvey started her work, had scarcely any property and very little equipment. To-day the American Mission, and the Christian Evangelical Church own property in over two hundred towns and villages. The foreign personnel of the Mission has grown to a staff of two hundred and forty men and women, working hand in hand with Christian Egyptians in building up this wonderful enterprise. To-day our Church has invested in Egypt millions of dollars and hundreds of lives. Not only has Mrs. Harvey lived to see all this expansion during her lifetime, but there are still living five missionaries who have been in Egypt for more than half a century. Mrs. Andrew Watson, Dr. and Mrs. J. R.

Alexander, Miss Anna Y. Thompson, and Miss Margaret Smith were all members of that pioneer group of missionaries which accepted God's promise, that His Word should not return unto Him void, and certainly they have seen the work of their hands multiplied a hundredfold.

Although the American Mission, as the work of our Church is known out here, is the largest individual organization doing missionary work, it is by no means the only agency which is helping to evangelize Egypt. Even before our work was started here, the Church Missionary Society of England, known as the C. M. S. started work in Cairo. For a time they became discouraged and quit, and later reopened. Another British society known as the E. G. M., is also doing good work. This society, in true Christlike spirit, is coöperating with the other organizations in that it is acting only as a feeder for their Churches. The Canadians are carrying on a Holiness Movement here, and some of their people are our very good neighbors and friends here in Assiout. The Holland Mission started work here, and from it we inherited Caliub Orphanage and one of their good men, Mr. Pennings. The American University in Cairo is an interdenominational institution in which we are very much interested, as Dr. Charles Watson, formerly Secretary of our Board of Foreign Missions, and Dr. R. S. McClenahan, ex-President of Assiout College, are now at its head. Much is being done to spread the gospel by the American and British and Foreign Bible Societies, as well as by the Nile Mission Press, which sends its literature to all parts of the Moslem world. The Young Men's, and Young Women's Christian Associations, and the World Sunday School Association,

are exerting an influence for good among the young people of Egypt. Christian Endeavor, Temperance Societies, and the Purity Movement, as well as other organizations, are all doing their share.

The last time I attended the Egyptian Ophthalmological Society meeting in Cairo, I went around to visit the C. M. S. Hospital in Old Cairo. Dr. Harpur is to that hospital what Dr. Henry has been to Assiout Hospital. They have a fine bunch of fellows running a well-organized institution. Their hospital proper is only about thirty beds larger than ours, but I have heard it called the largest mission hospital in the world. I suppose this is due to an enormous clinic which they maintain for hookworm and bilharzi cases. These cases are more or less easily diagnosed microscopically. Each individual brings his own mat and bedding and sleeps on a concrete floor in an open pavilion. One of the doctors told me that this clinic not only did untold good for the patients, but that from the very nominal fees charged they were able to finance the heavy overhead of the other hospital work. For many years this hospital has not only been self-supporting, but it has also paid the salaries of its physicians. Two things especially impressed me about the work of these Britishers. One thing is the excellent organization of their work, carried out in every department. The other thing is the unvarying report which we have always heard as to the emphasis which they put on their evangelistic work. It seemed to me that we Americans could learn a lot from our British cousins, for they have developed some mighty fine features in their work, and they have eliminated some of the hindrances with which we have been working here at Assiout. They have a live, wide-awake staff

of young fellows with whom I would like to get better acquainted.

When I start on my stunt of speech making at home, I not only want to tell the Church of the tremendous advancement in missionary work, but also I want to hand out a little information as to conditions here in Egypt. It seems only a short time ago that Moslems turned an absolutely deaf ear to Christian preaching. Nowadays things are just the opposite. Never before in the history of Christian missions in Mohammedan countries has there been such widely open doors. You know we have a circular letter which floats around about once a month, telling all the news from the different stations. A recent one of these letters, which happens to be lying on my desk, contains a bunch of items which bear this out. Miss McMillan writes of her school in Tanta: "One thing that has pleased us greatly has been the large number of Moslem children. Of the 235 now enrolled, 115 are Moslems. Of the 57 boarders, 31 are Moslems. Of 39 kindergarten children 24 are Moslems. We have the children, boys and girls, of three of the heads of government boys' schools." Miss Grimes, who has charge of the Khayyatt school in Assiout, expresses the need of expansion in her work in this fashion: "If any more kids come in, they will have to be hung up on nails. We are about to order the nails." I'll bet when she gets the nails she'll know how to hit them on the head. From Benha comes the report: "The village schools are nearly all making a better showing than last year, both in finances and attendance. When each district was obliged to close one school, we decided to sacrifice that of Soubkh, but since it is a large town in the middle of the Menoufia Province, we were very un-

willing to close it absolutely. So it has been going on as a one-teacher school. The teacher is a bright, energetic young fellow, and says every month that he cannot stay; but he still does."

The Girls' College in Cairo took in 72 new pupils, two-thirds of whom are Moslem. Not only in Cairo, with all its multitude of outside influences, but away South at Halfa, at the northern entrance to the Sudan, do we find similar circumstances. Recently a new church was dedicated, free of debt. The church was filled for the dedicatory services, and eighty per cent of the audience was Moslem. The one who puts this note in from the Southern District goes on to say: "Services were held in the church every day for a week, a number of Moslems attending every meeting. During their stay in Halfa, the visiting preachers prayed in many Moslem homes, and also in every Christian home, though as a usual thing the Coptic priest forbids the members of his Church to receive our pastor and his helpers. The preachers were also surprised to be invited into the Catholic homes." In that same place the Mission has a girls' school, and two-thirds of its enrollment are Moslem. "Just lately the governor received a letter from the head of the educational department, saying that Halfa is on the list for a government girls' school, and that now he is to send word as to where he wishes it located, etc. He replied that there is a girls' school in Halfa, by which he means the American Mission school, and that no other is needed. The letter mentioned came, as it happened, just the evening after the governor had visited our school."

At a prayer conference down in the Beni Suef District, "the night meetings were held in the cinema, and

the crowd was estimated at 1,500, plus 300 on the overlooking roofs. Many Moslems heard the Word there and in the church the nights following, when Kamil Effendi Mansour, a converted Moslem, preached." Can you feature such interest at a prayer conference anywhere in America? You know some time ago Rev. Mr. Sam Work, who used to itinerate in the Delta on the Allegheny, was transferred to the Witness in the Luxor District. The people of Cairo and the Delta use a slightly different pronunciation of the Arabic than do the people of the upper country, or Said, as it is called. Some of the wise heads of the Mission questioned if Mr. Work, who preaches more easily in Arabic than in English, would be able to negotiate this extreme change of conditions without difficulty. Miss Walker, in her part of the circular letter, cites an instance where she thinks Mr. Work took advantage of a rare opportunity. "He (Mr. Work) and Mousa Effendi were entering a village out from Edfu and came upon men seated before a mosque right on the thoroughfare. Mr. Work greeted the Muslims and they welcomed him, and he asked if they were going in to pray. They replied: "It is yet early, only eleven thirty." Mr. Work then asked if they wished to hear something about prayer, and opened to Matthew 6, and gave them a good gospel sermon, as we know he can do."

You know every Mohammedan country is a man's land, and the men and boys more or less universally look down upon women and girls. One of the funniest things about this whole Moslem situation is a story which Miss Minnehaha Finny tells in this same circular letter. Speaking of a workers' conference in the village of Sombat, she says: "Our evening meetings con-

sisted of two meetings, one for women and one for girls. No men or boys were admitted, much to the blank astonishment of the village male population. A new day had certainly arrived in that village for downtrodden women kind. One youth even dressed up as a girl to get entrance, and the night of the magic lantern it was almost too much for the male heart of the small boy. During the progress of the picture show, I happened out at the big front door of the school yard, and heard a group of boys, who were discussing the matter, say: "O, if we were only girls!" Shades of Mohammed!

All these quotations have been made from this one circular letter. A decade ago one would hardly have dreamed of such things, but now they are so commonplace that I dare say some who read that letter would hardly realize that these incidents are significant of a new and vital situation in Egypt. There is no question that the Mohammedan faith is crumbling. One might almost say that it is rapidly tumbling down. And I am dead certain that if Humpty Dumpty gets the fall for which he is sliding, all the king's horses will never get him together again. The crisis which exists to-day spells Opportunity. The problem is whether or not Christian missions will be ready to seize that opportunity, and present the truth of Christ to those who have lost faith in the False Prophet. If not, atheism and agnosticism will supplant the place Christianity should rightfully hold and no one but ourselves will be to blame.

It seems to me that the message which I as a missionary wish to bring to the Church at home is just the thing which I realize that I have been writing to you in my letters from time to time. You remember that

when we first landed at the Mission House in Cairo, I mentioned having read Isaiah's Promise for Egypt, "that the Lord should be made known unto Egypt, and the Egyptians should know the Lord." You remember later, during our trip to Luxor, how I told you of seeing places on the monuments around Karnak and Luxor temples where the hieroglyphics were chipped away, and from our guide we learned the history of Aakhunaten, the heretic king of Egypt. Then it seemed to me that perhaps this young religious fanatic had *Glimpsed* Isaiah's *Promise* in his monotheistic conception of Aten the Sun God. Later, as we learned more of the Coptic Church, we realize that this band of early Christians should have *Fulfilled* the *Promise.* The Copts sacrificed so much in bloodshed and martyrdom under the Romans, and through all these years they have held fast to the faith under the oppression of their Moslem conquerors. This Church which should have, and which could have, given to Egypt the knowledge of the Lord, if only its priests had exercised the teachings of Christ, and had given to the common people the open Bible, has really *Repudiated* The *Promise.* The longer we stay here the more we realize that the Moslem faith, with all its outward semblance of religious fervor, has only *Falsified* The *Promise.* A stream can rise no higher than its source, and so the Mohammedan religion, instead of approaching the true revelation of God as given by the unimpeachable Christ, stands only at the level of the licentious, lying, plagiarizing Mohammed, who is commonly known as the False Prophet. Islam has only *Falsified* The *Promise.* Christian Missions, in their example of following the ministry of Christ by preaching, teaching, healing, and organizing a vital, living Church, which is

giving to Egypt the knowledge of the true Lord, is today *Realizing* The *Promise.*

If I, a medical missionary who should be permitted to study on my furlough year, have to go traipsing around the Church making speeches, I am going to do my level best to give this message to my audiences, that it is not only our obligation, but a Divine privilege, to have so great a part in the *Fulfillment* of The *Promise.* Our Church, you know, is the only American Church doing missionary work in Egypt, and its Mission is by all odds the largest and most influential single organization which is endeavoring to evangelize this country. However, we need to take no glory to ourselves, for God is also using in His own way all the other Christian organizations which are working here to bring about the *Fulfillment* of The *Promise.* But in a peculiar sense, because God has blessed our work so largely, it seems to me that he has laid upon us a special responsibility. If only our Church would realize the magnificent work which has been built up by the prayers, gifts, and lives of our people during these past seventy years, it would not only be justly proud of the achievement, but in humility it would realize the necessity of seeking God's help in the *Fulfillment* of this gigantic task, the leadership of evangelizing Egypt.

The news which has come from home this past year has sounded nothing but retrenchment, and again word comes that further reductions will have to be made. We who are on the field can see no possibility of further retrenchment or reduction without absolutely injuring the work of the past seventy years. If advancement is not continually made, what has already been accomplished will be lost. Centuries ago Christ gave His Divine

commission to His followers: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." For many generations the Church ignored this command. Now for a few decades some effort has been made to evangelize the world, but Christians have only played, not really worked, at the job of missions. Social problems, educational programs, and community welfare have been about the extent of the efforts of most of the Churches. Instead of following Christ's admonition to give the Bread of Life to lost millions, the Church has been content to build costly houses of worship, with stained glass windows and expensive pipe organs. Our own denomination is just as guilty of this sin as are the rest. Not long ago one of our wealthier congregations spent over $150,000 in renovating its church building, most of which was used for interior decorating. At the very time our Foreign Board was asking for a conservation fund to keep our missionaries abroad, another congregation advertised in our Church papers a campaign for the raising of $175,000 for the erection of a new building. This sum, which would have kept intact the mission work in all four of our fields, was easily raised by this one congregation in a few weeks. Not only are the larger Churches to blame, but the smaller ones are proportionately sharing in the same neglect.

You might be surprised at information which I received in a letter some months ago from a friend back in one of our Middle-Western towns where we have a group of well-established Churches, representing middle-class people of moderate means. This man, who is a prominent worker in one of our "Saints' Rests" in that place, wrote: "I regret to say that I hear of no movement in any of the Churches in our town looking toward

anything like an adequate drive or campaign, or indeed any campaign, toward the Conservation Fund." This letter was dated just two days before Conservation Sabbath and a few weeks following a spiritual revival in which all of these Churches had participated. In this town live many families, members of which have gone as missionaries to our various fields, and one would naturally expect the people of these Churches, because of personal interests, to be among the strongest backers of the Conservation Fund. Of course there are doubtless some in this town who are giving of their prayers and money in like proportion as they have given of their sons and daughters, but on the whole there seems to be manifest a woeful lack of interest. The man who gave me this dope is the brother of one of our most earnest missionaries here. His letter goes on to say: "A letter from my sister, now on my desk, directs me to sell a dozen or more trinkets and pieces of jewelry which she left in my possession some years ago, which she had hoped to give to her nieces. She seems to feel that they should be sold and the proceeds given to the Board of the Church. The sacrifices which some of you people have made, and are making, for the Master's cause ought to finally get under the skin of some of us hardened old sinners." It seems as if our Church to-day needs an old-time spiritual revival to bring us to our knees in repentance.

When I was a kid I heard a story which has stuck in my mind all these years, and it seems just to fit the situation which our Church is facing now in regard to its mission program. In one of the villages of Switzerland there lived a man who was hated and despised by all who knew him. Whenever he entered a public

building or a hotel, those who knew him averted their gaze and turned their backs upon him. At one time this same man had been one of the most loved and trusted of the Alpine guides. One day he took a party up into the mountains. One of the party slipped, dragging the rest into a position of danger. Seeing that he might not be able to save both himself and those who had entrusted their lives to his care, he did the most dastardly thing which an Alpine guide could do. He cut the rope which bound to him those for whose safety he had made himself responsible. I'm no theologian, and I don't presume to know whether or not it would be possible for us as a Church to save our souls if we dared by curtailment and retrenchment to cut the rope which binds to us these mission fields, which God in His providence has entrusted to our care. But I do believe that if we would do such a thing, the miserable, little, withered, twisted souls which we could hold up to God would hardly be worth the saving.

Many a time I have been in church when the congregation got up and sang, "Christ shall have dominion over land and sea, earth's remotest region shall His empire be," and then sit down and drop a few pennies and nickels in the collection box, as if the loudness of their singing would accomplish the realization of the sentiment of their song. They seemed to interpret the word "shall" as meaning an indefinite future instead of expressing personal purpose. So many people sigh and ask if God couldn't accomplish His purposes for redeeming the world by some miraculous means instead of through the work and sweat and sacrifice of His followers. A few years ago when we went up to the Southern Sudan to help in the Nasser clinic while Dr.

Joe Maxwell was home on furlough, Helen Louise, who was then six years old, asked a question which set me to thinking. We had traveled south from Khartoum for eleven days on a poky little river steamer loaded down with heavy barges. After having gone five hundred miles up the White Nile and a hundred and eighty miles around the tortuous bends of the Sobat, we finally came, one scorching noon, to the military post of Old Nasser, some three miles from our destination. There we ran our craft into the mud bank and started to unload one of the barges. Underneath the broiling rays of that equatorial sun, naked blacks began carrying off huge sacks on their backs. As they sang and sweated and worked, we sat and watched, but soon our interest turned to irritation. All of us began to wonder if the task would ever end, but Helen Louise put the thing into words. "Mother," she said, looking up from her place at the rail, "if God wanted to, he could just take his little finger and push all those things off in a minute, couldn't he? Why doesn't he do it, so we can hurry up and go on to Nasser?

With such a stumper I did not feel much like a sage or a philosopher, but Vera and I did the best we could to explain in language which we thought she could understand that God could do such a thing if He chose, but that as long as the Engineers of the Sudan government steamers knew of the existence of steam winches and electric cranes, and yet were content to go on using this man-killing, time-wasting, antiquated method of unloading freight, we did not think it reasonable to expect God to intervene by resorting to the miraculous. When people ask in the same way about mission work, I feel like answering that I suppose that God could cause the sphinx to break

his silence of five thousand years and break forth into praise of His holy name. I suppose God could make the broken rocks and dust of the ruins of the pagan temples at Karnak shake themselves together into a magnificent house for Christian worship. I suppose He could even make the mummy of Amenephthes come to life and tell the Egyptians of the true God, who sent the plagues of Moses to torment him. I suppose God could easily use such miracles instead of the weak efforts of a little handful of missionaries and a struggling Egyptian Church to bring to Egypt the *promised blessing* of Isaiah. But as long as our Church has been blessed with money which would make a pyramid of gold, and has enough young people graduating from just one of her colleges to fill and advance our depleted ranks, and as long as our Church could if it would, establish not only one such college as the one in Assiout, but one in each of the fourteen provinces of Egypt, if only we would give back unto God that which is His, the tithe, he will not resort to the miraculous.

To-day if we had more men of the stripe of William Borden, Jr., whose body lies in the cemetery down at Old Cairo, God wouldn't need to resort to the miraculous, for such lives as this young man's are miracles in themselves. Borden, who was a son of a wealthy family, graduated at Yale University and from Princeton Theological Seminary, then came out here to Egypt, for further preparation in Islamics before going on to China for pioneer work among Moslems. While here, he died at twenty-five years of age, when just starting on his life's work, but his life has been an inspiration to scores of others in whose lives he still lives. On the simple slab which forms his tombstone, there appear

the words: "Apart from faith in Christ there is no explanation for such a life." Borden seemed to have everything desirable for which to live—youth, wealth, training—and yet he counted all these none too dear when it came to the cause of Christ. Recently I noticed a newspaper story of an appeal which Commander George M. Dyott made for a fourth man to complete his rescue party in search of Col. Fawcett, who was lost in the jungles of Brazil. He called for "a man whom hard labor in a stifling tropical wilderness would not balk, whom the constant danger of attack from hostile Indians could not frighten, or the peril of tropical fever and a slow death by torture could not daunt." He was not very optimistic, for he could offer as recompence for all this only a nominal sum. He asked for a man, "to whom money, the comforts of life, and life itself, mean very little." The clipping went on to state that from this "money-mad, workaday, mercenary world" there were exactly fifteen thousand volunteers who answered the call, and all this because "knighthood can go about in a sack suit and still retain the spirit of King Arthur's warriors bold." If any of the young people of our Church, or any of the 14,999 disappointed volunteers whom Commander Dyott could not take, want a place that is hard, a place that will test the stuff of which they are made, and that will tax every power of body and mind and soul with which God has endowed them, they had better look to the mission fields. To-day this battle front demands the same courage, the same devotion, the same faith which have characterized soldiers of the Cross in every age.

The tragic thing about the whole matter, though, is that the young people of our Church, as was not the

case a few years ago, are to-day volunteering more rapidly than the Church is willing to support them. If only I could get this challenge across to the Church, that God is not dependent on our paltry gifts to carry on His work, but that He wants us to share in the *Fulfillment* of His *Promise* for Egypt, I would feel repaid for turning preacher. If only every man, woman, and child of our Church would take his or her place in carrying out its missionary program, there would be no more talk about retrenchment. I cannot help but think of the story of a French military officer who had a dangerous service for which he wanted volunteers. He went before his men, telling them of the danger and hardships to be encountered in its performance. Not wishing to coerce his men, he ordered any of the men who were willing to volunteer, to step forward from the ranks just one pace, while he turned his back. After a moment he faced his men again, only to find that the line stood unbroken. Not a single man stood in front of his fellows. At first the officer was amazed, then he got angry, but before he could utter a word his junior officer saluted, and, stepping forward, said: "Aye, sir, the whole line has stepped forward." To-day if the whole Church of Christ would step forward as one man, not only would *the Promised Blessing for Egypt be Realized, but all of our mission fields could and would be evangelized in this our day and generation.*

Well, mother, it almost looks as if I had made up my speech in this letter. I believe I will ask you to keep it until we get home, as I may be able to use it for notes.

Hoping to see you soon, we all join in love and best wishes,

As ever, HOWARD.

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